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## FRANCE AND SARDINIA.

IT seems certain that the Emperor of the French is on the eve of recognising the kingdom of Italy. It is equally well known that serious negotiations have been opened for the cession, by Victor Emmanuel, of the island of Sardinia to France. And it is moreover impossible not to bring these two contemporaneous events into juxtaposition, and not to conclude that the one is the condition of the other.

This is a subject which cannot fail to suggest very grave reflections to England and all Europe. There are many persons, indeed, who still refuse to impute to the Emperor of the French a policy of aggrandisement, who still believe that his zeal for the Italians has been always pure and disinterested, and who rebuke their fellow-countrymen for entertaining suspicions which are detrimental to a cordial, good understanding between England and France. To such men we repeat the warning which Lord Palmerston addressed last August to the States of Europe—that it is time to take precautions, and to adapt our measures to the plain lessons taught by the occurrences and the “duplicity” of 1860. The events are unrevoked, and consequently the distrust they justly excited remains unallayed. To be caught again unawares, and to exhibit a second time a credulity which, if creditable before to our own habit of good faith, would be ridiculous now, would be to proclaim to all the world that we were children, and governed by children. The Emperor Napoleon has distinctly explained what is meant by going to war for an idea. He has made us see that it means to carry a generous sentiment in one's front, but to lay upon others all the cost of giving it effect. It signifies the vaunting of those magnanimous principles, which the France of the great Republic, of the Empire, and of our own day, believes it to be her mission to hold up to less civilized nations; only to gratify the one darling unextinguishable passion of her heart, the expansion of the Great Nation, and the enlargement of her territory. The French legions marched to liberate Italy; with the flush of shame on their cheeks, and the fire of indignation in their hearts, they returned to Paris with their work undone; but their Emperor soothed their dangerous wrath by the pride of having aggrandized France, and carried up her frontier to the crests of the Alps. Italy was not yet rid of the Bourbons, and Europe had been deceived. The Emperor and M. Thouvenel solemnly declared that France would not seek for annexations, and Count Cavour as solemnly gave assurance that the King of Italy would not part with the inheritance of his forefathers, and the cradle of his race; nevertheless facts proved that words could serve to hide thoughts, and an exchange was accomplished, which, if not honourable, was at least useful to both parties. These are facts; they are incapable of being disputed. These events did take place; and all that the admirers of Napoleon can do is to find excuses for them.

The situation of both France and Italy at this moment is precisely of the same character. Italy needs services which France alone can render; the French army is still in Italy, and France has not yet recognized that Italy is anything more than a geographical name; the kingdom cannot be established without the aid of the French Emperor; and the lust of aggrandisement and the specific means of gratifying it are both here. The Emperor Napoleon has it in his power to bestow assistance of the highest value; the real question is, will he sell it, or make a gift of it? It amazes us to think how any thinking man can doubt what is the right answer to this ques-

tion. Why should the conduct of Napoleon in 1861 be different from his conduct in 1860? What is the profit of studying history, and acquiring knowledge of men's characters, if they are not to be turned to account? There is the same man and the same wares; the same buyer and the same necessities; can any one assign a reason why the same policy should not be continued, and one profitable bargain be not followed up by another? In truth, the reasons for a policy of annexation now are much stronger than they were last year. No shame has to be felt for the first time; there is no character or reputation to lose. When Savoy and Nice were attached to the French Empire, Europe, especially England, was shocked, disgusted, and offended by an act so unforeseen, and, under the circumstances, so incredible; but now they have become familiarized with the event, and with the manner of proceeding of the Emperor Napoleon. In politics, as in the world of nature, men take more easily what they expect; conquest and aggrandisement, like earthquakes and pestilences, attract less notice and cause less surprise when repetition has accustomed the feelings to them. The prize, too, is more valuable on the present occasion. Savoy and Nice added little to the physical resources of France, but the island of Sardinia would be an acquisition of a most valuable territory, more valuable even than Sicily, and would be the gain of a naval port of supreme importance. But, thirdly, the present year presents a peculiar feature of its own. France was, at the best, indifferent to the attack on Austria; in many respects public opinion in that country was opposed to the declaration of war. Peace was certain to be welcome, even without any donative to facilitate its acceptance. But, on the contrary, in France, men of all parties and opinions, cling to the maintenance of French influence in Italy. The evacuation of Rome by the French troops, or the extinction of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, can never be a popular act in France; nor could anything but political necessity extort such a concession from the Emperor. Unpopularity is an uncomfortable state for all rulers, English ministers as well as despotical cabinets; but unpopularity is always most formidable for any dynasty that reigns in France. The acquisition of Sardinia would be a powerful antidote to popular discontent; for the French are exceedingly quick to discern the elements of individual advantage in foreign questions, and would not fail to perceive how strong a check a French Sardinia would be to Italian power.

All these considerations combined dispose us to attach credit to the general belief that France is negotiating with Italy for the cession of Sardinia; but what will Europe, what will England say, to such a transaction? Some might be inclined to argue that England has no right of interference with respect to legal acts that lie within the competency of those who perform them. One sovereign, or state, it is said, is authorized to surrender at its pleasure any portion of its territory to another, whether the cession be effected by treaty, sale, or conquest. In all cases it is an affair which concerns exclusively the two contracting powers, and the intervention of third parties would be a lawless invasion of an unquestionable prerogative. But this doctrine, if pushed home, would sweep away the principle of the balance of power, on which, confessedly, the political state of modern Europe is founded. It would lead to the political *reductio ad absurdum*, that whilst the acquisition of universal dominion by the first Napoleon might lawfully be resisted by the combined arms of coalesced Europe, the acquisition of an equally universal dominion by the second Napoleon by sale and purchase, is a doom against which there





is no remedy, and on the completion of which its future victims are bound to look with the passive submission to fate of a Turk. Such a conclusion is too preposterous to require discussion; nor should we investigate here the doctrine of the balance of power. It is enough for our present purpose to be able to lay down the incontrovertible proposition that there are limits beyond which a great power may be arrested from acquiring a preponderance fatal to the independence of other states; and then the true question becomes whether the annexation of the island of Sardinia is an act sufficiently dangerous to justify England in preventing it, by an appeal to arms if necessary.

We will not now pronounce an opinion on so solemn an issue; but we may point out some of the main considerations involved in its decision. The two foremost ones are the excellence of the harbour of Cagliari, and the geographical position of Sardinia. That port is probably the best in the Mediterranean; certainly much better than any possessed by England in that sea. Malta can never be a naval arsenal; it scarcely suffices for the purpose of a refitting dock for vessels of the size now used in modern warfare. Naval battles in future seem destined to be far more destructive than any yet known to history, and the importance of a new station for shelter and refitting will become immense. The possession of Cagliari thus constitutes a prodigious reinforcement of the naval resources of France. The freedom of the Mediterranean is a vital interest to England, and that freedom will be lost both to her and Europe on the day when the naval power of Britain ceases to be supreme in those waters. Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and the East, the Dardanelles, the Adriatic, and the access of Germany to the sea—what will become of these overwhelming interests the instant that France is firmly established as the mistress of the Mediterranean—when the great desire of French ambition shall have been fulfilled by the conversion of these salt waters into a French lake? For this conquest the occupation of Sardinia will furnish a singular facility. It lies midway between France and Africa, where the main gorge divides the Mediterranean into two basins, commanding the entrance to both, and isolating each from the resources and the assistance of the other. With the single exception of not being situated on the mainland of France, the Sardinian harbour possesses an immense superiority over Toulon.

We have said enough to show how carefully the proposed act ought to be weighed by English statesmen; and fortunately, whilst, as we have pointed out, the motives acting on the Emperor are yet stronger than those of last year, there is a counterbalancing feature in this case of great value. Resistance to the annexation of Savoy presented this perplexing difficulty, that, even if England had declared war on France, she would not have had the means, and probably would not have succeeded in ultimately preventing that measure. She would have felt anything but sure of accomplishing the object for which the war had been undertaken. The situation is entirely reversed now. The English fleet can prevent the French acquisition of Sardinia; and then it would be France which would have to declare war, and which would feel still less sure of wrenching Sardinia by war out of British hands. This is a consideration of great weight in politics; and it will be appreciated by the people of England. Had England replied by hostilities to the annexation of Savoy, France might have folded her arms, and defied England to rescue such an inland territory. If England surrounds Sardinia by a ring of her own seamen, she may with equal security challenge the united legions of France to grasp the coveted prize. On France would lie the responsibility and the danger of being the first to declare war. These facts impose a heavy responsibility on Lord Palmerston. The thing can be done: the French can be stopped; and if he decrees to stand aloof, he will have to give other reasons for inaction than the impossibility of preventing the move.

#### CONTRABAND HUMANITY.

THE slave population in America consists of two classes, very different in their character—the pure African race, without admixture of European blood; and the half-breeds, or mulattos, many of them almost as white as their masters. The former are for the most part docile, affectionate, and indolent; contented with the passing day, and taking no thought of the morrow; only driven to revolt by gross cruelty and wrong, but when excited exceedingly fierce and dangerous. The latter class are more intelligent and more discontented, have much influence over the minds of their darker skinned fellow-captives, and look with European eyes on the blessings of liberty. As the unhappy war between North and South works itself out to its pre-ordained issues, it becomes interesting to us, as well as to Americans, to know what course either or both of these sections of the slave community will pursue. Will they remain quiescent, and watch events? Will they migrate in any considerable numbers into the Free States? Or will they take advantage of the quarrel to strike a blow for their own liberation?

If the slaves knew their own power, there would be little difficulty in answering these questions, and in prognosticating that they “would confound the politics” both of North and South by a general uprising. But whatever may be the case hereafter, they seem at present

to be quite ignorant of their own strength, and to act without leaders, organization, or concert. They are either not disposed to revolt against their masters, or they are too well watched to render the attempt possible.

All they can do, therefore, is to watch and wait, and run away whenever they have the opportunity, singly, or by twos and threes as occasion offers. Already some of the most adventurous of the negroes and mulattos have made their way from the Border States to the camp of the Federalists, where they have been gladly received—not as “men,” however, but as chattels. They have been declared “contraband of war,” like gunpowder, cannon balls, or other munition. As such they have been retained to be employed in the service of the State; and if not consumed in the war, will, at its conclusion, be yielded up, with other chattels, to their owners.

How can the negroes be expected to sympathize with the North under circumstances like these? The Southern planters love their slaves, and are kind to them as long as they are quiet, on the same principle that an English farmer loves his cattle, or a country gentleman his horses and hounds. The North neither loves nor hates them; would neither keep them in bondage nor give them their liberty; and, on the whole, inclines to consider them and their cause a nuisance rather than anything better. The South, as all the world knows, goes to war to maintain and perpetuate slavery. The North, as is equally well known, takes up arms to maintain and perpetuate the Union, and not by any means to give freedom to the African race. Under such circumstances the slaves, “chattels” in the South and “contraband of war” in the North, cannot be expected to feel much love for either party, and less for the North than for the South.

The success of the North, especially if easily accomplished, would do nothing for them. The South, readmitted to the Union from which it had seceded, would stipulate for the return of its escaped chattels, for the continued existence of its domestic institution, and for the re-enactment of those fugitive slave laws which rendered the whole of the United States, free as well as slave, responsible for the restoration of the human property, or contraband goods, that escaped from captivity; and the struggle would be carried on and concluded without a particle of benefit to their oppressed race. On the other hand, the success of the South would open a door of future deliverance. A long, exasperating, and sanguinary struggle, of which the end was the complete overthrow of the Union, would put the North upon its metal on the question of slavery. An alien and hostile Republic, or it might be Kingdom of the South, with an immense and not easily guarded line of frontier, could not hope, after the passions excited by the war, and after the overthrow of that beloved Union, which the Northern people and statesmen have suddenly discovered to be dearer to them than any other question of freedom or humanity, to negotiate successfully with the North a treaty for the extradition of fugitive slaves. As Canada now is to the oppressed negro, so would all the Western and Northern States become; and the outraged “chattel,” wishing to make, and declare, and prove himself a man, would not have, as now, to travel a couple of thousand miles by an “underground railway,” to accomplish his purpose; but in some cases only to cross a river. The land of hope and liberty would be brought nearer to him by all the vast area between the Potomac, the Ohio, and the St. Lawrence; and what is now difficult and dangerous would become facile and safe of achievement.

If, however, the North loved human liberty as much, or half as much, as it loves the Union, it might have both the prayers and the physical help of the negroes in the strife which it is waging—a strife which would then become as holy as it is now vindictive and unjust. But while its generals and statesmen talk of men as “contraband of war,” in the same way that they might talk of saltpetre, bomb-shells, and artillery horses, they must not be surprised if the slaves look with no good will upon their cause, and if the free men and women of this country withhold their sympathy, and prefer the bold honesty of the South, which calls a “slave” a slave, to the hypocrisy of the North, that plays fast and loose with a great principle, and utters a practical falsehood in the face of Heaven, and proves itself untrue alike to God and to humanity.

#### THE NEUTRALITY OF SWITZERLAND.

“ONE thing at a time” is the practical rule of the English people. It has its advantages: it enables the public mind to concentrate its attention on a single subject, and the public force to execute it with greater vigour. But it has also its disadvantages: and not the least of these is that a question once passed by is extremely apt to be forgotten. New cares and new interests crowd in and absorb the thought of the country; and the business, which in intention was only adjourned, becomes soon superseded altogether.

The great question of the annexation of Savoy and Nice has suffered considerable damage from this characteristic of the English nation. It raised extreme agitation in England in the year 1860; it was watched with mingled feelings of anxiety and indignation; and



it excited a warm response from the country to the solemn denunciation of duplicity and wrong uttered by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons at the close of the last session. It was never dismissed as settled: England has never given her sanction to the breach of the treaties of Vienna and the violence committed on the public law of Europe.

A most important distinction must be drawn before a right understanding can be come to of the bearing of the motions of which notices have been given by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Kinglake. The Emperor of the French accomplished two distinct transgressions against the settlement of Europe embodied in the treaties of Vienna. The one leading object of that great European Congress was to fix the territorial limits of the Continental States, and, above all, of France. The demarcation of the frontiers of France, the determination of the extent of her territory, and the adjustment of neighbouring States, with the distinct object of preventing or repressing every attempt of France to step beyond the limits assigned to her, were confessedly and indisputably the main purposes which the treaties of Vienna were designed to accomplish. No nation has recognized this fact more thoroughly than the French; for they have never ceased to denounce the arrangements then formed as an affront and an injury to France, and have ever avowed the intention of tearing these treaties to pieces on the first opportunity. The public feeling and the press of France affected no concealment when Savoy and Nice were annexed to the Empire; they even paraded the intrinsic worthlessness of the provinces acquired, because their one desire was to impress on the imagination of the whole world the gain they had won—emancipation from every restriction on the limits of France, and a free career for future aggrandizement; and it cannot be doubted that it was this interpretation of the act so performed which aroused so strong a spirit of condemnation in the English House of Commons and public opinion in England.

Nevertheless, the difficulty was not easy to deal with. The Congress of Vienna had said in spirit, but not in terms, to France, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." No engagement had been entered into by the contracting powers to declare instant war on France, if she made any addition to her territory. The annexation of Savoy did not violate any express stipulation of the treaties; nor was any provision made, any machinery prescribed, for applying a remedy to such an evil. The frontiers of many European states had been altered since 1818; it was not, therefore, the treaties of Vienna, so much as the principle of the balance of power ratified and embodied by them, which could be invoked against France. Lord John Russell, indeed, took his stand on that principle, and appealed to Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for a repressive alliance against France; but, as they had contracted no engagement at Vienna to set their armies in motion at the first enlargement of France. Lord John could plead only general policy; and, owing to various circumstances, they did not respond to the appeal. The Government then did all that it could do: it refused in terms to recognize the aggrandizement of the French territory as part of the public law of Europe. The sanction of England was withheld; and the annexation to this day remains an unratified, unacknowledged act of licence and violence.

But there is another part of the subject which lies under very different conditions. The district of Chablais, on the south of the lake of Geneva, lays open the very heart of Switzerland. It strips Switzerland on that side of all real frontier; it commands and gives access to the military road of the Simplon; and enables the power that holds it to throw a large army at once, with safety and ease, into some of the most important cantons of Switzerland. The independence and neutrality of Switzerland have always been esteemed among the strongest securities of European order and peace. That country is interposed, as a buffer, between the great states of Austria, France, Germany, and Italy. It intercepts the shock of their rival ambitions; it is a defence to each of its own frontier, and a formidable impediment to combined military operations against each other on a large scale.

The occupation of Chablais by one of the great powers uncovers this neutrality, takes Switzerland in rear, and enables an invading force, either to seize on parts of Switzerland itself, or to turn its flank, and pursue its course unheeding. To avert this very obvious and formidable danger, the district was restored to Sardinia in 1815, as being a small power, and unable to use it for purposes of aggression; and was further placed in a state of neutrality under the joint guarantee of the five great powers. An express stipulation was made, that, in the event of Sardinia being at war, the Sardinian troops should evacuate this province, and their place be taken by the soldiers of the Swiss Confederation. A provision to this effect was signed by all the powers at Vienna, and it is impossible to quote an enactment of the public law of Europe more important in substance or more binding in form.

We need not repeat here the evasions which were held up to public reprobation with such unsparing severity by Lord Palmerston in his speech last August. All the world is familiar with the duplicity with which the Government of the Emperor first promised to submit the consideration of the neutrality of

Chablais to the determination of an European Congress, and then coolly took possession of the country, with the simple announcement that it accepted all the engagements which Sardinia had contracted respecting it. As if a covenant of neutrality for a portion of its own territory by France was the same thing as a similar covenant by the then petty kingdom of Sardinia; or, still more, as if the most vivid imagination could conceive the possibility of French troops being withdrawn from a portion of France if France should become involved in a war with either Austria or Italy. Such a promise is too impudent to be capable of being uttered, even by Louis Napoleon, in plain language; it is hoped, rather, that it will escape notice under the vague phraseology of observing the previous engagements of Sardinia.

On this point, however, the position of England and of the other European powers is clear and well-defined. Not only has England refused to acknowledge the fact that Chablais forms a portion of the French territory; but Her Majesty solemnly assured her Parliament that measures would be taken to maintain inviolate the neutrality of this district. France is thus publicly proclaimed as subject to the necessity of giving satisfaction to Europe on this cardinal point. The English Government distinctly vindicates this land as, so far, European property; notice is served on France that her present right of occupation is not only not admitted, but that it must be submitted to modification by Europe. The claim is express, and is explicitly put forth. The substantial real neutrality of this region is demanded as a European right, and adequate provisions for its maintenance are positively required. The annexation of Savoy breaks no one article of the treaties of Vienna; the unconditional occupation of Chablais is a violation of a positive and covenanted engagement. And it is high time that the people of England should recall this serious question to their thoughts, and vigorously support the Government in the enforcement of an European right. Our minds have been full of Naples and Garibaldi, of Rome and Syria; but the sleepless vigilance of the Tuileries has never faltered in pushing on a great object under the cover of the distraction caused by these excitements.

The very fact that Europe, by doing nothing, becomes familiar with the unconditional occupation of the French, is an immense gain to France. The value of the position is perfectly well understood at Paris, and will be turned to the utmost account. Geneva is wrapped round now by a French girdle, and more than one symptom of French intrigue in that town has been discerned. Neither money nor cajolery will be spared to persuade its citizens of the happiness of belonging to the Great Empire. Already well known Republican chiefs have been spoken of as having suffered the impression of French seductions. The abstraction of the Italian canton of the Ticino, it is well known, has been deliberated on as a compensation to be granted to Italy for the loss of Sardinia, or even Genoa; and what are conditions of neutrality imposed on French territory and French liberty of action against a man who thinks nothing of giving away what is not his own? What greater proof than this can be given of his feeling at home in these regions, that they are his to take or to give away, to distribute about as may suit his pleasure or his interest? We know that it is impossible for England to vindicate the rights and safety of Europe singlehanded, by any other process than a declaration of war on France; but it may soon be otherwise, if Prussia will awake from her cowardice, and when Austria, as she is rapidly doing, has built up her might on the grand and solid basis of Parliamentary Government. It has been often said that England and France united can rule the world; but how can freedom be united to despotism in one national and comprehensive policy? Can oil ever mingle intimately with water? But two free and constitutional states must of necessity be united allies. It is a law of their existence, the natural and unconscious but sure and inevitable product of their political structure.

#### MUSSLMAN DECAY.

THE foreign correspondent of the *Times* has called attention to the present condition of the Turkish Empire, in a faithful and graphic sketch of its internal organization. Our readers need not be told how often and earnestly we have referred to this subject as one pregnant with complicated and grave issues, or how fully the researches of a laborious and reliable inquirer in Constantinople justify the opinions we have so frequently expressed. The truth is, all we have sacrificed and endured in order to keep together that corrupt and disintegrating mass has only served to precipitate its decay. The reason is plain. It is destitute of every living spring of elevation or element of progress. It is vitally immoral. Worse than this—it is hopelessly so. The Moslem has no home. There is in Turkey neither husband nor wife, nor daughter, nor son, if we estimate the significance of these beautiful relationships by the instincts of nature, the habits of England, or the laws of Christianity. The harem—his distinctive institution—is a sty. Woman is a mere animal, man is a sensualist, and children are a miserable litter. The source of degeneracy and decadence lies here. Climate and soil and wealth aggravate, they do not and cannot mitigate the evil. The stated defence of the integrity of Turkey in Europe by the inter-



position of foreign and Western Powers spares it from a violent extinction, only to hand it over again to the action of those internal and festering evils which gnaw its vitals and waste its vigour with a rapidity proportioned to the immunity and quiet it enjoys.

It is no lesson of yesterday that the homes of a people shape and tone their country, or that citizens become what sons and daughters and mothers are. There only is power generated for evil or good; hence the reform that is to do the nation service never can come from cabinets, or political arrangements, or military interference. In the best of circumstances such aids give scope for the growth and development of internal conditions, and nothing more; and if these last are corrupt and vicious to the very core, as is the case in Turkey, the results are by so much the worse. But the system of external aid or interference proves in such an abnormal and depraved state wholly injurious. It keeps up the habit of relying on outward support and neglecting internal duties. It blinds the people to the real causes of their ruin, and habituates them to trust to the patronage of the powerful or the jarring interests and policy of conflicting nations for that prosperity which must be born in their own hearts, and under the shadow of their own rooftrees, and can never be imported or created by foreign intervention. We never shared in the dreams of a Mussulman millennium; we hold it to be an impossibility. The seeds of it are totally wanting. The sensuality, the fatalism, and the obstructiveness of the Turk, are the lessons of his Koran and the very substance of his national idiosyncrasy and religious life. You must deport the whole race across the Bosphorus, and supply the lands they evacuate with the Giaours, or you must persuade them to renounce their creed and substitute the Cross for the Crescent on the mosque of St. Sophia.

As Mahometans, they may grow worse but never better. The laws and lessons of the Koran are too faithfully translated into daily life, and too dear to the heart of the Turk, and too congenial to the low and animal instincts, to be surrendered without a desperate struggle, or to yield to anything short of a divine force. We may keep up this empire of fanaticism, and fatalism, and sensual indulgence, by repelling from its borders nations that would make a better use of its magnificent material resources, but we cannot arrest, still less prevent, its decay. The waning of the Crescent is purely an affair of time. It may be expedient to save Turkey at present from a violent and instant death, but we cannot save it from suicide. There is no young and vigorous growth in its cities, no cradle of a rising and hopeful race, no moral stimulant of energies, that waken up the life and impel the action of a people, and create a civilization that commands the respect of strangers, and adorns society at home.

"Turkey dies from want of Turks;" depopulation, in that wretched land, increases at a fearful rate. The eagles of Russia and France are hovering over it. Whether it be most expedient to let the sick man die, or to let the eagles strike and take possession, is a question for statesmen. Morally, the extinction of the Moslem would be a blessing. Politically, it would save many a disturbance. Socially, it would turn to account a rich soil, a delicious climate, glorious seas, and bays, and harbours. In a Christian point of view, it would open the way for the development and ascendancy of those sublime lessons which have made England what she is, and are able to create in Constantinople a people greater than they who disputed the supremacy of Rome, and in former days sent over Asia and Europe treasures of refinement, civilization, and learning.

#### LOUIS NAPOLEON AND PUBLIC OPINION.

THOSE who, either as statesmen or as writers, affect to guide and to instruct the public, must be capable not only of learning from an enemy, but of doing justice to an enemy. In the case of the Emperor of the French we have done the former, but scarcely the latter. We have, perhaps, jumped too hastily to the conclusion that he was an enemy, and we have certainly, in some respects, not done justice either to his conduct or his character.

We are not his admirers, and we are assuredly not going to constitute ourselves his apologists, but it is a matter of peculiar and most practical importance to estimate him rightly, to ascertain to what extent and in what mode he is noxious to Europe and formidable to ourselves, both absolutely and in reference to his possible substitutes or probable successors. Many people, feeling how uncomfortable and menacing is the state of the Continent, and how unsafe and precarious we have felt since his advent, wish him dead, and fancy that then everything would again become quiet and secure. There is some reason in this feeling, but it is not *all* reason, as a few considerations will speedily lead us to admit.

There is a *prima facie* case, no doubt, for the prevalent impressions. Before Louis Napoleon's accession to power we had had more than a generation of almost unbroken peace, and had nearly ceased to believe in its infraction. Since his accession we have had two of the most bloody wars recorded in history—in both of which France played the chief part, if she was not the sole inaugurator of them; and we have had incessant rumours of war, almost as costly and disturbing as

actual hostilities. The old course of French aggrandisement seems to have recommenced; at all events the Emperor has added two provinces to his dominion. It is not to be denied, moreover, that his *restlessness* has been excessive, incessant, and most exciting; even when not planning any positive enterprise he has contrived to keep all Europe in a state of uneasy expectation; the very indefiniteness and variations of his speculative policy have effectually destroyed all sense of security, and all possibility of military reductions or financial economy. For twelve years he has, intentionally or unintentionally, but still cogently, forced upon all his neighbours an attitude of startled vigilance, most troublesome, costly, and irritating; and he has done this fully as much by his suspected *character* as by his actual words and deeds. He has, partly by example, partly by alarm, raised the military and naval defences of every European state from the minimum to which they ever fell to nearly the maximum they ever reached. He has made Belgium double her principal fortifications; he has made Austria keep her army on a war footing; he has made Prussia embody and mobilise her Landwehr; and he has obliged England to re-organize her navy, to recruit and extend her army, and to fortify her arsenals and dockyards. He probably has of late cost Europe not much short of fifty millions a year, most of which—if he had only been torpid, harmless, and unambitious,—might have been spared. Surely, it will be urged, this is a sufficiently heavy indictment against any potentate to warrant the severest condemnation.

All of this, or most of it, is true; but it is not the whole truth, and, if dwelt upon without regard to modifying facts, will bring us to mistaken practical conclusions. Let us lay before ourselves a few equally indisputable statements. Much of the uneasiness which has been so onerous and so expensive, arose from *his name*. The mere circumstance of having a Bonaparte on the throne of France seemed to make increased armaments necessary, and certainly made these natural and prudent, on the part of every neighbouring nation. If he had been as quiescent as he has been fidgetty, much of this would have occurred, and would have been wise. We, at least, had assuredly allowed our available national defences to fall to too low an ebb. Then, when he first achieved power, his brain, filled and heated with the visions over which he had brooded during long years of exile, prison, and adversity, teemed with wild fancies and plans of frantic enterprises; some of which transpired either through his own rashness or that of his confidants, and justified the distrust and alarm which was felt at seeing so excitable a temperament possessed of such unfettered power.

But time and experience; empire, with its labours and responsibilities; the little encouragement his crude schemes met with in any quarter; the vast difficulties and grave warnings of the Crimean war; and—more than all, perhaps—the acquisition of a settled position and character, which he was loth to risk, went far to disperse these half-frenzied dreams, and to reduce so sagacious a politician to the sober realities of European fact.

The responsibilities of the war with Russia, in its origin and its conduct, though not in its termination, we fully shared with him. And, though it is impossible to deny that the war with Austria was, in a great degree, provoked by the aggressiveness of his ambition, yet, though our Ministry protested at the outset, the English people cordially accepted the result. That he did not act disinterestedly, but, contrary to his promises, accepted Savoy and Nice as the price of his assistance, is a stain upon the loyalty and generosity of his character; but France is, at least, as much to blame for the unworthy greed as Louis Napoleon: it was the sop that was necessary to reconcile the nation to the unwonted and inconceivable benevolence of *a war for others*. It is but a too faithful adherence to former precedents of French history, in which Europe contentedly acquiesced. As regards Austria, she had not the shadow of a right to complain of his intervention; her own ceaseless and systematic interferences with Italian liberty and justice made interference on the other side, not only warrantable, but absolutely righteous. The war of 1859 was, in its ultimate consequences, a decided benefit to the European system,—though a benefit, perhaps, of which he was rather the instrument than the bestower.

Then as regards his conduct to this country, considered in its sum total, have we really much reason to hate him or to complain of him? True, by the great development which he persists in giving to the naval power of France, he has put us to enormous expense in following his example, and a certain degree of irritation on our part is the natural result, as well as some unpleasant suspicions of ulterior designs. But, in the first place, in nearly all that he has done in this matter, he has, as we now know, merely carried out the deliberate and recorded determination of his predecessors; and, secondly, if he chooses to insist upon making France as powerful at sea as any of her rivals, so as to be subject to no thwarting, it is no doubt very inconvenient to us and a great nuisance, but scarcely a thing to be resented as an injury or an insult. It is a cause for vigilance, but not for anger. Moreover, he has always been quite frank and outspoken on this subject; and, indeed, all our Ministers, of whatever party, who have had dealings with him, bear this consentaneous testimony:—that in straightforward-



ness, loyalty, steadiness, and seemingly real cordiality, his official intercourse offers a marked and most favourable contrast to that of Louis Philippe and his Ministers. From long observation of his course, and from actual acquaintance with nearly all the French politicians who are opposed to him, we are satisfied that he is more truly and sincerely friendly to this country than any of them. He has a more thorough comprehension of our institutions and our character, a juster appreciation of our strength, and—from self-interest or superstition, or from gratitude and admiration, or from an unanalyzed mixture of all these sentiments,—a more genuine desire to keep well with us, than either those who preceded him, or those who are likely to follow him. He has proved this on many occasions and in many ways. He has endured abuse from our press, which would have driven his uncle into petulant fury. He has often prevented that abuse from being known to the French nation, not only for his own sake, but to guard against the national passion he knew it would arouse. More than once he has risked his popularity in France by yielding to us, rather than risk a quarrel with us by obstinate persistence. The French behaved ill and meanly to us in the Crimea, there is no doubt, but this was the doing of the generals there, not of the Emperor at home; it was the ungenerous nation, not the unfriendly sovereign that we must blame.

His arrogant behaviour to our close ally, Portugal, in the matter of the Mozambique slave trade, was assuredly both insulting and unfriendly to ourselves; but the conduct of our Ministers was wonderfully feeble, and before we spoke out he had gone almost too far to retract; for we must remember that mildness or forbearance under anything that looks like an insult to the French flag is just the one gentlemanly virtue that no French sovereign dares to show. His language afterwards, and the commission he appointed, though practically futile, showed at least some desire to soothe and to atone, on a matter on which he knew we were almost fanatically sensitive.—He deceived us and set us at defiance in reference to the annexation of Savoy; and we had a right to reproach him (as we did) with having broken his promise; but the deed was not a wrong or an affront against England. He wanted a province, and turned a deaf ear to our remonstrances; but there was no gratuitous or direct hostility to us in the transaction; and this, about the most condemnable international action of his reign, is precisely the one which even his greatest opponents and enemies at home forgive, envy, and almost applaud. His conduct in the Italian war, subsequent to this, was marked by a deference to the earnest wishes of England, which his countrymen have reproached him for as unnational and undignified. At our request he made no vigorous opposition to the earlier annexations, though they entirely upset his own programme at Villafranca. At our request he abstained from stopping Garibaldi. At our request he withdrew his fleet from Gaeta. In fact, on the question of Italian unity and independence he is almost alone among Frenchmen in thinking and acting in unison with English policy and wishes. There is scarcely a Buonapartist except Persigny and Prince Napoleon, there is not one Orleanist statesman, there is not one member of the Council of Regency (which would succeed if the Emperor were to die), that does not hate the very idea of an Italy free and powerful; that would not undo to-morrow, if he could, the whole work of 1859 and 1860 in that Peninsula; that would not do this with the double motive of removing a rival to French supremacy, and of dealing a blow at English sympathies. To conclude this long article—Louis Napoleon has many faults, and has committed many crimes; he is a formidable neighbour, and perhaps a precarious ally; but of all French statesmen—possible and former rulers of that country—he is the least unfriendly to England, the best inclined to Italy, and the most capable of controlling the bad feelings of his subjects and his army in both directions.

#### THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

THE Italian drama rapidly approaches its last act, and Europe, for two years the Argus-eyed spectator of its shifting scenes, draws a long breath, and rests in hope. The Emperor of the French has, at length, dared to recognize the kingdom of Italy as an accomplished fact. His doing so crowns his work in the Peninsula. He alone swept away the dark and portentous Austrian incubus, under the shadow of which so many petty despotisms preyed on the prosperity and life of Italy, and, by that sword-sweep, left the country free for whatever destiny it was worthy of, or Providence might have in reserve. Having long waited, amid all sorts of sinister suspicions, till the dust of conflict was laid, he has by this last act crushed out of the hearts of dukes and grand-dukes their last lingering hopes of restoration, and left the Pope high and dry on that shore from which all he trusted in has for ever ebbed away.

It is a deed of no feeble significance, whether it spring from policy or principle, ambition or a sense of justice. It rebukes the pretensions of those who lived in hope that the darkness would return. It lifts Italy from the dust, puts hope into her broken heart, and brings nearer and renders surer the possession of Rome as her capital. Austria may yet be prevailed on, in obedience to suggestions of

policy, or the exigencies of finance, to let go her unprofitable hold of Venice.

Other courts may follow in the wake of that of France, and recognize Italy as an independent member of the sisterhood of European families. But such a relation is not of necessity her prosperity. It gives the patronage of fair opportunity, but nothing more. She has much to bear and do and strive after before she can attain that progress which will justify all that has been done for her by those that wish her well, or falsify the auguries and predictions of those that hate her and desire to witness her ruin.

A people long and cruelly oppressed do not suddenly right themselves. Effects that are the slow deposit of ages are not easily effaced. Resentment long survives the wrong in which it had its birth, and disorganization continues after tyranny and misrule have been got rid of. Bad legislation perpetuated in successive generations; indolence and beggary consecrated by the Church, encouraged and exemplified by the priests, and long inveterate in the habits of the people, complicated with endless vices, are not so many loose stones lying on the surface of the road which may be easily brushed off. They are the roots of a primeval forest, struck deep into the heart of the country, and interpenetrating the rocks; evils that shake the hope of the philanthropist, and baffle the skill of the most accomplished statesman. Nevertheless Southern Italy is possessed of inexhaustible capacities of good, in soil, climate, and geographical position; but she requires, what neither emperor nor senate can create, a people able to appreciate and make use of them. The sea has long washed almost solitary shores, and sent her unburdened waves into empty harbours. Her broad bays reflect from their bosom the blue sky and the lovely hills; the air is ruffled by few white sails, and the waters ploughed by infrequent keels. Mines untouched sleep beneath the soil, and priests dread the sound of the railway whistle as they do the ping of an Enfield rifle ball. We owe the people we have emancipated from the yoke of the tyrant patience, forbearance, sympathy, and help. Garibaldi has cleared the land, the air, and the sky of obstructive tyrannies, which now never can return, and given the Italian people the opportunity of rising to the dignity of free men, and the character of just and loyal citizens.

Gavazzis are now wanted to indoctrinate the masses with intelligence and industry, and, above all, with those sublime truths which inspire the heart, and train the intellect, and nerve the hand for useful and laborious action. Italy's hope of elevation must be no more in the Tuileries or in the Court of St. James. Foreign powers have done for her all the good they can bestow. They have opened her prisons, broken her chains, and hailed her as a sister nation. It now rests with her to do for herself whatever is requisite for her prosperity and progress. She must use her new life in efforts at self-improvement. She must renounce the *far niente* quietism of the past and put forth her loosened energies in achieving a position and a place among the nations of Europe, which will command the respect of her friends and defy the hatred of her enemies. She must create confidence, woo capital, and win a place which will justify the sacrifices of Magenta and Solferino. The convent and the camp must give way to the factory and the farm, the railway and the bank, the exchange and courts of justice, a free press and an enlightened public sentiment must rise into ascendancy and regulate and stimulate the pulses of national health.

The foundations of social prosperity are not the breadth of acres, or pavements worn smooth by the beat of ceaseless travel, nor the entries of the customs, nor the number and splendour of mansions; these are effects not causes. They are rather order, courtesy, integrity, honour, and above all the sanctions of everlasting truth. In the absence of these, climate and soil and material wealth are worthless. Sustained by these, nations cannot die. Neither Goth, nor Hun, nor Frank, nor Saxon, can overturn or extinguish a people who know their rights and duties, and knowing, dare assert them. True to herself, Italy will live. She is at this hour the field of a great experiment, and nations that oppress, and peoples that are oppressed, are the deeply interested spectators of the progress of that experiment. If she dies, she dies a suicide. If she flourishes, the sacred contagion of her annals will spread far and wide, and like the touch of the prophet's bones, it will waken the dead of other lands.

"Thus the gazers of the nations and the watchers of the skies,  
Looking through the coming ages shall behold with joyful eyes,  
On the fiery track of freedom fall the mild baptismal rain,  
And the ashes of old evil feed the future's golden grain."

#### THE VALUE OF COLONIES.

THE most confused notions prevail far and wide respecting the value of colonies and dependencies to the mother-country. The whole nation believed itself to be on the eve of ruin, when the revolted colonies of America passed away from the dominion of England, and proclaimed themselves an independent nation. The result was an immense but grateful surprise: England grew stronger and richer from that hour, and no country in the whole world makes a larger contribution to her wealth than the United States of America. Then again, the belief was universal over the whole continent, and is even now scarcely shaken, that the foundations of England's power and riches are laid in India; and so firmly was the great Emperor Napoleon possessed by



this idea, that he planned the expedition to Egypt and Syria as the first step in the great enterprise which was to destroy his rival in the very stronghold of her might in the far East. That idea is still dormant at the Tuileries; it is anything but extinguished. When the mutiny of the sepoy threatened the overthrow of our Indian empire, the French papers gloated not only over our loss of territory, but much more of our preponderance in the world, which they fondly hoped would crumble away with the fall of our ascendancy in the East. Before Adam Smith, colonies were reckoned the life-blood of a nation's prosperity; and every effort was made, by laws restricting their trade to the mother-country exclusively, to appropriate to the latter the full monopoly of the golden treasure. They were regarded as an Aladdin's lamp, raising to undreamt of greatness the fortunate country which obtained them. Had not the wealth of the Indies rendered Spain the foremost power of Christendom? Were not the ports of the most flourishing states in Europe thronged with the products of their colonies? Were not the ship-loads of sugar, coffee, and tobacco from the Western hemisphere, the woods and spices of the Eastern so many witnesses that told of the wonders which colonies and dependencies worked for the parent state? These were material facts patent to the eye: what could be more natural than the inference that colonies were only vast and thriving estates, with all the profits and advantages of immediate ownership?

The embarrassments of the Indian Exchequer brought this inquiry before Parliament and the public a year or two ago. The opinion began then to arise that if India could not pay her way, if her income should prove unable to balance her expenditure, and her establishment must draw on England for support, to abandon her Indian empire would be the course prescribed alike by prudence, economy, and true policy. Such a sentiment is the direct contradictory of that we have described as prevalent in the last century: which is the better founded? which can make the more successful appeal to theory and fact?

We reply by asking another question: what is the use of Kent to the remainder of England? Kent renders two great services to the nation. It enriches the other thirty-nine counties by exchanging its products against theirs; and it furnishes the country with a vast fund of men and money, available for meeting the public wants, and carrying out the general policy of the whole associated people. This latter service the dependencies do not perform for England. England raises no armies, and collects no taxes from her colonies; they make a considerable drain on her resources; they absorb her soldiers and sailors whom they do not pay or feed, and they make no grants of supplies to the English crown. They require defence, and so impose on the mother-country the necessity of maintaining a larger army and a more numerous fleet, without rendering any equivalent return of aid when England is engaged in war. They discharge, therefore, in respect of wealth, only one of the two functions of Kent: they simply provide a field for the employment of English capital and labour, and the accumulation of commercial profits. But this process can go on just as vigorously and just as advantageously with foreigners as with English colonists. The gigantic trade in cotton, which is now developed between England and America, is to the full as profitable as an equal trade with India or Canada. England would gain nothing in respect of wealth by the annexation of the United States to Canada. We are already taxed to the utmost extent of our resources to work the trade which springs up within our own territory: there are regions of undeveloped culture, lands inviting capital, men and ships, which England cannot supply. The trade which is created for the payment of American cotton by English manufactures is as remunerative, as truly English, as the trade with Canada. If, therefore, all our colonies were to insist on independence, provided that their industry and their trading activity remained undiminished, England would be no loser in respect of wealth. She would exchange her commodities for colonial products just as profitably as before the secession. There would be no loss, if only there was the same trade.

There is, indeed, one unimportant exception, which deserves a passing notice. Colonies, when in a state of infancy, possess a society which presents few attractions to rich men. They are places to make, not to enjoy money in; hence, wealthy settlers in young colonies migrate home. They come to live and spend in the old country; they bring their wealth with them, and so far add a direct increase to the mother country's wealth. But this state of things soon reaches a natural limit. When the colony becomes large and civilized, its citizens make it their home, and the direct accession of their wealth to England ceases. Thus we see Australians come home to England as fast as they grow rich; whilst Canadians are proud of their own land, and find within it every means for happiness and civilization.

But will the trade, we shall be asked, remain the same after the colony has asserted its independence? As a general rule, we answer that it will; there will be the same wants and desires, the same motives for exchanging products, and the same means of gratifying them. But external causes may easily disturb this result; and the consideration of them will show that there are negative advantages of very great importance which are attached to the possession of a colony. The greatest is the prevention of war, and that is an incalculable benefit. If India had belonged to Russia, its trade with England would have been destroyed by the Crimean war, and the loss thus caused would have been enormous. We shudder to dwell on the severity of the calamity which a suspension of the cotton trade by war would inflict on England. Who can estimate how terrible the prostration would be? Still, let those who think that the fall of England would be sealed by the loss of her colonies remember that it would not be the independence of the colony, but the interruption of its trade, that would lessen the wealth of England, and that the very existence of a large trade has become in modern times one of the most powerful obstacles to war. It was his decrees against the trade of the Continent, more probably than any other cause, which brought about the overthrow of Napoleon.

Then, again, the political connection of the colony with its mother-country gets rid of tariffs, protective duties, and other shackles of commerce. The trade of England with the United States would be much more profitable yet to both countries, if the protective duties of the Union were abolished; and these duties constitute the most real of the grievances of the South.

There is a third negative benefit which is more commonly overlooked. A country which founds a colony implants its own tastes and habits in a new soil; it sends out men who are accustomed to the particular commodities

most in use in the old land, who are familiar with English furniture, English crockery and muslins, English watches and cutlery, and prefer to buy these rather than foreign wares. This is an internal guarantee of great strength for the permanence of trade with England, and constitutes a very powerful motive for encountering the trouble and expense, and occasionally the ingratitude, of founding colonies.

No doubt, too, the geographical position of some colonies gives them a high political value. The possession of a great harbour, a commanding site, large resources for maintaining armies and refitting ships, is a strong force in the region of politics. France would find it difficult to compete with England in Eastern waters. Still, the same principle again recurs: it is not the commanding military post or the strong citadel which gives wealth; they only secure it. Armies and navies do not make nations rich; but they are invaluable for the protection and continuation of enriching industry.

India exhibits peculiar features of her own; for India is not a colony, but a dependency. But the same principles will throw light on her relations to England. India has a separate administration; she possesses a separate exchequer, and supports her own establishments out of her own resources. These establishments are composed almost exclusively of Englishmen, who return home with wealth accumulated in Indian service. Would not, therefore, the loss of India be a heavy disaster to England? By no means, we again reply, if the trade of England with India remained unshaken. Of the sum annually remitted to England from India, one portion consists of pensions and allowances granted to retiring officers, whether civil or military; and this pension partakes to a certain extent of the nature of a tribute. But it is doubtful whether England derives any gain from this remittance from India. Reflection leads us to suppose that the intellect, attainments, and labour of these men, if applied to another field, would acquire fortunes of at least equal value with the pensions obtained from India; so that, though the elderly men now enjoying these allowances would be uncompensated for the loss of India, England's future would continue uninjured. The amount, moreover, of these pensions, in the aggregate, is small, and bears but a trifling ratio to the collective wealth of the United Kingdom.

Another portion of the funds annually remitted from India consists of the interest on the Indian debt. But this is a mere ordinary return for English capital sent out; and if the debt were repaid on separation, England would incur in this respect no loss.

The sums paid to Englishmen serving in India, especially to the army, we consider to be no increase of gain to England. The labour of the 80,000 men who garrison the country, if applied to productive industry in England, would, it is certain, yield a much larger return than the pay which they receive from India. Looking at the question as one of money only, England might congratulate herself, with excellent reason, if she could get back into her bosom those high intelligences and those stalwart arms which India is constantly drawing off from her treasury.

The real advantage which England reaps from India, though purchased, indeed, by the exhaustion and the loss of so many of her best sons, is the trade which the English occupation of India creates and sustains. The pacification of India, the extinction of internal wars, the infusion of English skill and capital into the land, the development of native industry, the creation of the taste for European products, the railways, the canals, the ships and harbours, are the fruits of English rule, its justification and its reward. But for English power, India would prey upon herself: she would want little, and buy less. But India, under the sway and guidance of Englishmen, grows sugar and rice, rears cotton, cuts down wood, and sends her wares to England, enriching England with commodities which her own soil refuses to yield. But India is no loser by the exchange; for trade is barter, and the benefit is equal on both sides. India acquires metals, machinery, Yorkshire and Lancashire clothing, and the various products of a high civilization. Both the countries grow richer; both are benefited by the relation of ruler and dependent. But again, we repeat, it is the conservation of this trade, and the eliciting of this industry, which are the motives for this dependency and the fountains of this created wealth.

If India could, by her own strength and native resources, sustain her trade and industry by and for herself, England would suffer no loss from her departure, if only she would practise peace and continue to trade with England. Peace lies within the domain of politics, and we have not entered upon it here. What the political future of India would be if she were to break loose from her connection with England, is a problem which belongs to the political philosopher to solve. We are dealing here exclusively with the pecuniary value of colonies; and we think we have said enough to show that it is not only as fields for the employment of capital and labour, but most of all, in these days, as exchangers of commodities, that colonies augment the riches of a mother-country.

#### BLED TO DEATH.

THE death of Count Cavour at the hands of his physicians has startled Europe. That the helmsman should suddenly be snatched away at the moment the good ship is in the midst of the breakers is sad enough, but what are we to say when we know that the fatal blow was dealt by the very hands appointed to succour and save? It would appear that some errors are so tenacious of life, some practices so ingrainedly routine, that the normal pressure of human reason is insufficient to touch them, and some great calamity is necessary to bring to bear upon them the full weight of public indignation. We feel sick to think of the thousands of poor Italians that have fallen victims to the Dr. Sangrados of Turin, and however great the calamity of Count Cavour's death might be felt at the present moment, we feel certain that it will have the good result of checking at once the senseless practice of bleeding for every complaint now so common in many continental countries. The Italian physicians appear for many days to have been puzzled as to what disease their illustrious patient was really labouring under. The telegraph from day to day told us some new story—the Count had caught cold walking through the dewy grass—he was prostrated with remittent fever—it had assumed a typhoid form—it had put on the form of congestion of the brain. The diagnosis was continually shifting, but the treatment was always the same. "The patient was bled to-day!"

For five days we in England received those telegrams, and our physicians



felt that he was being bled to death *secundum artem*. But they were not prepared for the further intelligence that when "the force of bleeding could no further go," the illustrious patient was placed in a warm bath in order to give the finishing stroke to his already exhausted nervous system. Europe knows enough of Count Cavour's antecedents to make a very shrewd guess at the real nature of Count Cavour's indisposition. Engaged for years in fighting the battle of his country, and in finessing with one of the most subtle minds of Europe, his mental powers were always stretched to the uttermost, and nervous exhaustion must have been continually sapping his constitution. It is stated that an official paper just received from the French Embassy relative to the Roman question gave him great vexation, and that to recruit himself he retired to his country-seat. In all probability some slight chill, accompanied by feverish symptoms, at once prostrated his already overtasked nervous powers, and his executioners were called in. In England, instead of being depleted, he would have been sustained; wine and brandy would have been poured in instead of the blood being poured out; with a little rest, in all human probability, the patient would have rapidly rallied.

This special and illustrious life we can now only lament, but it is not too late to denounce the ignorant practice of bleeding on all occasions, which is but too prevalent abroad. What Englishman will travel in Italy if for some slight gastric fever he is given over in some wretched town to a weapon that, in the hands of the native practitioner, is far more fatal than the assassin's stiletto? The bleeding basin is the prominent sign over the door of the barber's shop in Holland, Germany, and Italy, and people in these countries go to have blood drawn as systematically as people here go to have a Turkish bath, and singularly enough with a somewhat similar result in as far as the pleasurable sensation. The lightness felt after a slight bleeding is very analogous to that experienced after the excessive perspiration of the bath, and probably arises from the same cause, the relief of the oppressed heart and great blood vessels; in the latter case the pure water of the sanguineous tide alone being extracted.

In all exhaustive disease, however, this sense of ease and pleasure is entirely delusive, and all the bad symptoms for a moment allayed are sure to return with renewed vigour.

In England the lancet is becoming an obsolete instrument, and when blood has to be drawn, it is done locally by means of the leech or cupping-glass. But, says our middle-aged reader, surely bleeding used to be common enough in this country? This is quite true; we, ourselves, have not been so long out of the wood that we can afford to point the finger of scorn at other nations. The great age of British bleeding was from about 1816 to 1838. At that period it was no uncommon thing to order five pints of blood to be extracted from a man's arm at one sitting; and it was a common thing to find the recommendation, in certain cases, to bleed until the patient faints; indeed, the text-books are still disfigured with such recommendations; but the practitioner scarcely ever now bleeds. This singular change in medical practice has naturally excited the attention of modern physicians; and serious doubts have been started by some as to the advisability of the practice under any circumstances; at all events it cannot be denied that we dare not bleed now as they used to do thirty years ago. But to reconcile our abandonment of venisection, it is boldly asserted that this change of practice is the consequence of a change of type in disease. That of old, our ailments put on an inflammatory type for which blood-letting was a proper remedy; but that, latterly, humanity, or English humanity at least, suffers from a want of vital force, the remedy for which is stimulant medicines.

It certainly is a startling proposition to enunciate, that within a period of thirty years the constitution of Englishmen has totally changed, and that the vigorous natives of the present day are all really below par. Nature does not generally alter her modes of action quite so precipitately, and we feel rather inclined to believe ourselves, that the old doctors have invented this pretty little theory to save themselves from the charge of having followed a blind routine in their youth. At the same time it is but just to admit, that some change in habit of body may have been brought about by the greater temperance that has obtained in society during the last quarter of a century. The five-bottle man may have been subject to a class of inflammatory diseases which are never seen now—if so, some change of treatment may have been called for; but bleeding of old was not confined to men, and we never heard that the ladies were given to drinking. Except, therefore, the whole race was rendered inflammatory through the intemperance of the male sex, this explanation will not hold.

The discussion still goes on in medical circles, and remains as unsettled as ever. But the practice has gone into an extreme of stimulation, which at one time threatened almost as many evils as the old exhaustive bleedings. The late Dr. Todd won his popularity, large practice, and professional renown entirely through his applying to disease the theory of stimulation carried to excess. Brandy and wine, wine and brandy, were the alpha and omega of his prescriptions, and his patients were often in a state of semi-intoxication in consequence. No matter how inflammatory the disease might have been, he never hesitated to use his formula, and we have no doubt that in consequence he often did as much harm as good by his heroic practice. If we could revive a practitioner of the last age, and were to put him in consultation with one of the new lights, their reasoning and practice would appear little less than insane to each other. Imagine the horror of the apothecary of 1830 at seeing a follower of Dr. Todd giving wine-glassful after wine-glassful of neat brandy to a patient suffering under inflammation of the lungs! Fancy a young English physician watching a patient bled of fifty ounces of blood by the orders of his medical attendant! We have drawn no imaginary picture, but have only placed before our readers a true record of the extreme opinions that have been held in medicine within the memory of many physicians still in practice. The partisans of the two plans of treatment may each have plenty to say for themselves, but the public care only to learn results, and there can be no doubt whatever that the percentage of cures is now far greater than it ever was. We are learning every day to trust more and more to nature, and to feel assured of the fact that we can do little more in the great majority of diseases than assist our great mother in her efforts to repair or to restore. The example of England in this respect will, we fear not, be followed ere long by Italian physicians; and we may safely predict that Cavour's will be the last illustrious life sacrificed by adherence to a stupid routine.

#### THE WEAKNESS OF GIANTS.

MYTHOLOGY, tradition, and history agree in the fact that giants, though strong in body, are weak in mind; and that nature, which does so much for them in respect of thews and sinews, is, for the most part, niggardly to them in the matter of brains. Their brute force is not equalled by their intellect; and the biggest and most formidably pretentious of them are continually represented as falling easy victims to the skill or cunning of comparatively small antagonists. Samson was but a poor creature—if he were not a positive idiot; and great Goliath of Gath, fell easily before nimble little David. The Jotuns, in Norse mythology, were, with all their tremendous strength, very easily circumvented by striplings—and even by children; and the famous achievements of the universally-popular and highly-esteemed Jack—surnamed the Giant Killer—have no other moral than to show how infinitely superior to the mere bodily force of the hugest monsters in human form are the skill, patience, address, and pertinacity, that are given to smaller people, in order to keep true the balances of nature, and rescue the world from oppression. When a giant becomes the friend of a dwarf, it is only that he may have the advantage of the little man's intellect; and the dwarf generally ends by making himself, as he ought to be, the ruler and governor of his bulky associate. It is an old, and all but universal instinct, which has contributed largely to the delight of men in all parts of the world, and given them treasures of poetry and romance, which have gone on accumulating from the earliest ages to our own.

The fight for the championship of England, which took place on Tuesday last in an island in the river Medway, safe from the interference of a police that was doubtless instructed not to be "too" zealous in the performance of its duty, was in itself a very disgusting business. Yet, in its results, it was so remarkable a proof of the old wisdom of the world, as represented to us by the traditions of every age and race, as to justify the journalist in commenting upon it. Most people of education look upon pugilism with dislike, and some even with abhorrence; but it cannot be denied that very many of the educated and refined, as well as larger numbers who have coarser tastes, see a substratum of goodness under the evil thing, and defend it as not without its advantages in keeping up among the people a love of fair play, in discouraging or rendering impossible amongst us the use of the knife or the stiletto, and above all things in imprinting upon the whole course and current of an Englishman's character a conviction of the base cowardice of "hitting a man when he is down."

Without entering upon that question at all, and recognizing to the fullest extent the brutality of the late fight between Hurst and Mace, for the greatly coveted belt of the championship, we cannot but read the details of the struggle with a certain sort of admiration for the "pluck," as well as the skill of the little man, who so effectually defeated the big one. Hurst, the possessor of the belt, which he had won some months ago at the close of a short fight, by a single and all but accidental blow, stood nearly 6 feet 3 inches in height, and weighed 16 stone. Mace, his antagonist, was but 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighed only 10 stone and a half. It was known by the friends and backers of the giant, that he had but to strike one blow to make an end of the battle, if not of his adversary, and that that one blow would fell a stronger man than Mace, as effectually as a child's hand would fell a ninepin. Mace, if not his friends and backers, was precisely of the same conviction, and never lost heart, or doubted the issue, even when Hurst, to add to his other advantages, acquired the right of choosing his corner, and stood with his own back to the sun, and the light full in the face of his adversary.

After a little preliminary sparring to feel his way, "Mace," says the graphic account of an eyewitness, "began the fight with a terrific blow, which completely closed Hurst's eye, and seemed to make his bulky frame tremble to his very feet. Before the first round, which lasted nearly twelve minutes, was over, Hurst was half-smothered in his own blood, and his face so gashed, that, as far as appearances went, Mace might have been assaulting him with a razor. Hurst knew evidently nothing of boxing, and his antagonist therefore merely drew aside with the most perfect sang froid from the slow, awkward, movements of the ponderous arms, delivering his own strokes full on the head and face of the giant, with a force and rapidity that was terrible. In vain, like a blind Cyclops, Hurst threw his arms abroad, and strove to grasp, to strike, even to touch his lithe wiry foe; in vain he strove to hem him into a corner. Mace would simply inflict his tremendous blows full on the smashed face of his opponent, pass under his arm, and be gone, almost before the eye could follow his movements."

We have no intention of giving all the sickening details. After a struggle of fifty minutes, during which eight rounds were fought, Hurst—disfigured, bleeding, ghastly, and insensible—was compelled by his backers to give in, without having struck one blow, or even so much as touched his antagonist. It is not our purpose either to defend or apologize for the exhibition, or to say one word for the good taste or humanity of those who witnessed or permitted it; but, nevertheless, in spite of our better judgment, we find it impossible to withhold the expression of a certain amount of sympathy for the poor "giant" so sadly belaboured, and of approval of the personal daring and incomparable skill of the conqueror.

Yet, had it been only to express such feelings, we should not have given any additional publicity to the details of so vulgar a fight. It is only because we find in it a specimen of the mightier conflicts that are being fought, or that will shortly have to be fought in the world, that we tolerate it at all, and look upon it as a kind of representative battle, in which far greater issues are very palpably prefigured.

All history tells us that the fiercest giants, who depend upon force alone, are inevitably beaten when it comes to the point; and that the mightiest empires follow the same law, and are doomed to fall victims to the skill and intelligence which they ignore or despise. We need not go back to the classic or the middle ages for proofs of the fact. We have only to look around to see it. Is not Austria a stupid giant like Hurst? and Italy a lithe, little, patient, and dexterous combatant like Mace? The fortunes of that great match, with the whole of the civilized world for its spectators, are as yet marvellously similar to those which were this week decided in Kent; and the issues will be the same, or there is neither truth in nature nor in history. Hurst will, it is to be hoped, recover from his defeat; and so it is to be hoped will Austria when Italy has done with her. But Hurst and Austria



will have to fight other battles, with other challengers, or retire,—the one from the ring, and the other from her high position among kingdoms and empires. Who will challenge Hurst we cannot say, but every one can see far enough into the future to know that Hungary will be the next nimble and skilful boxer that will try the fortune of battle with the bulky giant of Vienna. And, of course the bulky monster will be beaten.

In like manner that tremendous old giant, who sits at Rome, has been so belaboured by the nimble little men of intellect, who have been hitting him such heavy blows, that he presents at this moment a spectacle almost as frightful to contemplate as poor Hurst did a few minutes before the fight was over. Substitute for the name of Brettie, the giant's backer, in the following paragraph, the name of Napoleon III., and for that of Hurst the Papacy, and there comes out a truthful picture of the present condition of one of the most formidable giants who ever appeared in the world to overcome and oppress it. "Brettie, Hurst's chief backer," says the *Times* reporter, "at last rushed into the arena, and insisted on his fighting no more; but the maimed giant seemed incapable of understanding his defeat, and groped and staggered out again. Blind and fainting it only required one or two more blows to finish the affair; but the infliction of those on the helpless heap of flesh was horrible and sickening beyond all description. His seconds and backers gave in for him without his knowledge, and kept Hurst in his corner till he gradually became almost insensible, and all the restorative arts of the ring were exhausted in efforts to keep him from fainting, which, in the absence of a surgeon, and in his then fast failing power, might have been a most serious affair."

And a very serious affair it will be, when the Brettie of Pio Nono withdraws him from the ring, and confesses on his behalf, that the long, unequal fight is at an end for ever.

We need not pursue the course of our illustrations. They are obvious and numerous, and lie upon the surface of all contemporary history. Let the giants beware! There are evil days before them; and intellect will conquer brute force now, as it always has done, both in personal and in national conflicts.

### FLOCCI.

THE Latins chose this word for "a thing of little value" without consulting the Sibylline books; or perhaps the day when cotton would decide the fate of nations was foreshadowed in the volumes which the Sybil could not sell. That day is certainly come; cotton, if the uncomfortable metaphor may pass, is in every man's mouth; and half the interest of a great war and more than half the hopes of Indian administration centre on the flocculous seed-vessel of a malvaceous shrub. The natural world seems to symbolize the social in this immense preponderance of small things over great. Those debaters of back-street parliaments, who discuss in cloudy conclave the question, "Was Creation a Mistake?" would feed their world from forests of bread-fruit, and clothe it with ready-grown garments. But the food of men is a little grain—the lowest of his standards of measure; his dress is spun for him by a worm, or grown for him in a seed-cup or a stalk; and the coral insect rears islands for his foot to rest upon from the depths of the sea. The "many a little" in labour and its product, makes a "muckle" which subdues and sustains the earth; and so the "wool-tree," a curiosity to Herodotus, is become an imperial care to us.

In no proverbial sense, indeed, there is at present "much cry and little wool." True, the deficiency in cotton is rather feared than felt, but it is one that can no more be awaited, than if a householder should defer his insurance till the back-stairs were in a blaze. Whatever comes of this American disruption, will include American cotton among the interests it affects. The civil war—certain issue of principles set aside for expediency, just Nemesis for ingenious joint-worship of God and Mammon—cannot rage long without a servile rising, general or partial. When that is afoot, before that even, by the distractions and drains of the war, the cultivation of cotton will be stopped; and with it, if no remedy is provided, a thousand mills, and a million active hands will be thrown out of work. Already the transmission of bales is checked—already the chances of hostile movements imperil a crop badly and scantily harvested, as Mr. Cheetham assures us. It is fortunate, at such a crisis, that commerce is in some degree prepared, and that a happy coincidence of events makes America's grave difficulty India's golden opportunity. It is on the cards to give the ryot of Hindoostan his share in the profits of a trade of twenty millions per annum. It is on the cards to destroy a monopoly, which endangers the markets and the industry of half the world. It is on the cards to deal an indirect blow at the slave trade, which shall complete England's ransom of the African, and set her ships free from a costly watch. What do you play, Messieurs the Rulers of the East and Merchants of the West? Nations watch your game, and History will follow its issue.

No fitter opportunity than this can recur for the development of Indian cotton growing. Mr. Laing, like a second Camillus, has flung his shears into the ill-adjusted scale of Indian finance, and the beam is at last even. The cotton districts, thanks to Lord Dalhousie's administration, are, to a beggar, ours. Practical experience and the attention of interested bodies have been brought to bear upon the subject since the report of 1847. The old-fashioned gin, the *ekhathee*, has given place to those inventions whose introduction to America wrought almost a miracle of improvement. Above all, railways and roads are opened, or just opening, into the cotton countries. Omrawuttee, Barsee, and Sholapore are names of stations on the "Great Indian Peninsula," instead of cotton marts, separated from the sea by a hundred koss of ruts, misalled roads, and a mountain chain as steep and difficult as the Apennines. In spite of these obstacles, and greater, India has been supplying the shortcomings of America. Year after year the long line of ox-carts has toiled over the plains of the Deccan with bales of cotton, ill picked and roughly ginned, sometimes weighted, too, with earth and stones, interesting to a geologist, but interfering with the mill-owner's purposes. What the oxen had not meditatively chewed from the bale before them, or spoiled by the sweat of their much-enduring bodies in passing the Ghât, reached Bombay, and the screw-press, and an English market, to give Indian cotton a bad name. From this opprobrium, circumstances and the Cotton Supply Association are beginning to clear it. The black disintegrated trap-rock of the Deccan can grow cotton to rival Sea Island; and the soil of the Southern States deteriorates indeed; as it recedes

through many crops from the qualities inherent in virgin forest-earth. Nor is cotton a crop which delays to render a return. The annual yield of Egypt lay contained, a few years ago, in the pods of a plant in a garden at Cairo; and the seeds and stalks, too, repay the process of cleansing.

The *Times*, in devoting a leader to the subject, has relegated it to the domain of demand and supply. Emphatically we observe that the ryot knows nothing of political economy, and will grow no cotton because he ought to do it by reason of Adam Smith. Mr. Money has shown us that the system by which the Dutch Government regenerated Java, and which enriched the villagers as well as the state exchequer, was by no means "let to grow." We cannot, indeed, imitate the paternal despotism of Van den Bosch, who used no compulsion, but only observed, to his Malays, "You must." Lord Canning has justly defined the limits within which Government aid can be afforded to cotton enterprise, but these include the passing of good laws. The cotton-grower in India—the ryot—starves under bad ones. His crop is mortgaged before it is above the ground. The middle-man—the "*walhawia*"—absorbs the profits, which the Government assessment sufficiently reduces.

If regard is not had to the condition of the cultivation cotton may be grown, but it will not be planted in India. It is a crop which is put in and taken off the land too easily to be permanent without assured and lasting inducements. Let the Society, which has done so much, press for an amelioration of the poor Hindoo's status. They will find him, like the mass of the Hindoo people, *nexus* and *addictus*, bound hand and foot to the money-lenders. Not cotton only, but order and peace will be impossible unless the cultivators of Hindoostan be rescued from *mahajan* and *marwarra*. All India lends or borrows money at ruinous usury; but the lenders are few, and the borrowers many and miserable. In the mutiny, a town or village, bursting into licence, attacked first the books of the usurer, and then the Nabob whose courts protected him. Let Mr. Haywood and the able coadjutor whom Sir C. Wood has given him in Dr. Forbes, look to this. Cotton may so be instrumental in helping slaves in the East as well as the West.

### STRENGTH AND COST OF THE FRENCH AND BRITISH ARMIES AND NAVIES.

IN our number of the 1st inst. we published a letter calling attention to the glaring inaccuracies of a semi-official statement of the relative strength and cost of the French and British armies, which appeared in the *Times* of the 25th ult., the object of which (backed by a leading article) was to prove that the British taxpayer had no more reason to complain than his Gallic neighbour of the expenses incurred for the maintenance of his army, and that therefore he ought to cease grumbling against ministerial mismanagement, and "fork out" his cash with good humour. In the letter to which we allude, our correspondent, after demonstrating the errors of the *Times* article as regarded the number of men under arms in the French service, the relative proportion of officers to men, and other important facts from its own figures, concluded by placing certain of the most remarkable items in the expenses of either army, as given by the *Times*, in juxtaposition, and soliciting the attention of our Parliamentary reformers to their respective amounts.

The speeches delivered since then in the Legislative Assembly more than bear out our correspondent's calculation as to the strength of the French army; while the report of the committee appointed to investigate the different items of the Budget enables us now to place before our readers its actual expense. The report to which we refer will well repay the trouble of perusal, for it places clearly before the public the exact expenditure of each separate department of the State, ascertained after a minute and not over friendly investigation. The assumed strength of the French army, on which the estimates are framed, is 400,000 men and 85,000 horses; and the gross sum voted for its support is in English money fifteen millions two thousand pounds sterling (£15,002,000), in which is included three items—for military works, excess of cost of gunpowder, and a deficiency arising from miscalculation in last year's estimates,—amounting in all to four hundred and three thousand pounds (£403,000), which, being deducted, leaves fourteen millions five hundred and ninety-nine thousand pounds (£14,599,000) applicable to the maintenance, pay, and equipment of the active army.

Now let us see what value France gets for this money. The number of men and horses specified in the vote would naturally enough appear to the uninitiated truly to represent the exact numbers on the muster-rolls, while in point of fact it gives a very erroneous idea of the actual strength of the army. That the public and particularly foreigners should be mystified, is not surprising when we find that even members of the Committee itself, not admitted into the secret, have shrewd suspicions that they have not, with all their ingenuity, been able to discover the truth. "The commission," exclaims M. Olivier, one of the Opposition who wished to reduce the expenditure of the War Department, "the commission have a certain conviction that there are at this moment 'sous Drapeau,' a number of men, far above 400,000, relative to whom not one word has been said in the Budget."

There are always during peace a very large proportion of the oldest soldiers in each regiment on leave for six months; those furloughs commence in October and end in March. As the soldier approaches the term of his licence, they are renewed; so that, in fact, unless war is declared, they may be considered as virtual discharges for those who have served five years in the ranks. The number of men on leave during the winter half-year may be fairly taken at 60,000. When absent from their regiments they receive no pay whatever, and are no expense to the State, while they are always liable to be recalled and ready for service in case of emergency; and thus it is that the Government are enabled to keep in existence a large and most efficient force which does not at all appear upon the estimates; but, in addition to the active army, provision is made in the estimates for the contingent expenses of the 60,000 men of last year's reserve, which are fully equipped, and have been already for three months under drill; as well as for those of the 60,000 men of this year's reserve, which will be called out, equipped, and drilled in January next; and thus, as indeed is admitted by the Government officials in the Legislative Assembly, the French army will, in March next, be composed of about 600,000 effective troops. We have estimated the annual reserve at 60,000—a much higher figure than it is set down at in the estimates; but it is easy to substantiate the accuracy of our statement. The



number of conscripts is 100,000; the number required to fill vacancies is about 40,000; and the balance forms the reserve. Now, as regards the horses. The writer in the *Times* will no doubt be surprised to find that the number is, in reality, much larger than the 85,000 included in the estimates. At the conclusion of the Italian war, the supernumerary horses of the artillery and military train, instead of being sold, were offered to the French farmers, and eagerly taken, solely for labour on the land, and under very stringent regulations, the Government having a right to recall them on giving fourteen days' notice. Those horses are regularly inspected by officers and veterinary surgeons; their number cannot be less than 8,000; they cost the country nothing, and in a fortnight they might be harnessed to their guns in sound health and good working condition. In order to increase the expenses of the French army to twenty millions sterling (£20,000,000), the writer in the *Times* inserts in his statement many items which were in vain in the estimates of any of the Public Departments. One of one million one hundred and fifty thousand pounds (£1,150,000) for recruiting, evinces a complete ignorance on his part of the French system. Voluntary engagements are taken at the "mairies," and the only other expense incurred is by the appointment of an officer of "recruitment" for each of the eighty-six departments, whose salary and allowances for clerk and office do not exceed £200 a-year, and whose duty it is, as a member of the "Conseil de Revision," to inspect and classify the conscripts, and to notice and send them their routes when called upon to join their regiments; the total expense, Paris included, does not amount to £20,000 a-year. Not content with augmenting the cost of the French army to £20,000,000 by means of statements which have no foundation in fact, the *Times* authority asserts that it ought to be increased to £24,000,000 by inserting expenses in his new category, all of which are already provided for in the estimates; by calculations of the loss the country sustains by the difference between the pay of a soldier and a labourer, and by the addition of pensions to eminent military men, while he carefully excludes all similar additions from his calculations of the cost of the British army. Stripped of his fictions, the naked truth stands thus:—

For 600,000 men and 93,000 horses France pays.....	£14,599,000
For 212,773 men and 21,904 horses England pays, according to the statement in the <i>Times</i> .....	14,606,751

The clothing and equipment of the French army is, indisputably, superior to the British. As to the relative competency of the officers, who are in proportion of one to twenty-seven men in time of peace, and one to thirty-nine in time of war, in the French service, and of one to nineteen in the English, we shall say nothing, but we would call upon our Parliamentary reformers to sift this matter thoroughly, and not allow dust to be thrown in their eyes by the unfounded assertions of War Department officials. One word as to the cost of the respective navies.

The estimate for the French marine and colonies, which are included in the same votes, is under six millions sterling (£6,000,000); the portion allotted to the Imperial navy is five millions forty thousand six hundred pounds sterling (£5,040,600). And for this comparatively trifling amount a powerful and well appointed standing fleet is kept in commission, and an iron-clad navy is being created which is already far more numerous, and by all accounts, far more efficient too, than ours. *La Gloire* had a trial of speed the other day with the yacht *Jerome Napoleon*, reputed the fastest sailer in the French navy, and beat her hollow, making, according to the report, fourteen knots an hour (will our *Warrior* do as much?). There can be no doubt cast upon the extent of the vote passed for the French navy; it is published in the Budget just as we have stated it. Will any one ask in Parliament why it is that so much can be done for so little money in the French service, and so comparatively little for three times the amount in the English?

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

### PARIS.

I SUPPOSE the "event" of the week (as these people always transform everything into an "event") is the funeral service for the memory of M. de Cavour. The *Moniteur*, with a singular slip of the pen, and not being much accustomed to clerical or liturgical etiquette, spoke of it as in "honour" of M. de Cavour, which made no little impression on certain ranks of society where phraseology is attended to on such occasions.

It certainly was a curious sight, and half the world evidently did not know what the other half had come for. Marshal Vaillant looked as though he should in no way be inclined to break his heart for the loss of a man who, according to an opinion he has more than once expressed, was "more trouble than he was worth;" but M. Thouvenel was manifestly not of the same mind, and appreciated quite differently the disappearance from the stage of the politician whom in his intimacy he calls the Emperor's "accomplice." What may come out of it eventually is more than either M. Thouvenel or any one else knows; but the latter, who has some portion of his master's character, thinks it a terrible loss to be exposed to a situation out of which war may be inevitably brought about for want of an intermediary between France and the Revolution. Cavour *sens* that intermediary; of this there can be no doubt; and there can also be no doubt that the Revolutionists are just now beginning to talk very big about France and her ruler.

The swaggering of these gentlemen was very remarkable before and after the ceremony of the other day. As good manners do not precisely form a part of their qualifications, they allowed themselves rather an indecorous mien and attitude even in the church itself, and those with whom they spoke and those who overheard them testify to such speeches as the following:—"Well, now we are free! his loss" (pointing to the cenotaph) "is none to Italy or to us, and now we can show the world what we are capable of!" "It is not probable that France will resist us—but if she did, we can take Venetia all alone." To this was added in one instance, "Yes! and sign our treaty of peace, not in Villafranca, but in Vienna!" Now, as these are the results of the observations of an eye and ear witness, I think they may not be without interest to your readers, as they are not without importance in themselves. On the other hand, there is another feature of the present moment here that is curious enough to study; this is the first commencement of a sort of estrangement between the Revolutionists of France and Italy. "Estrangement" is perhaps too strong a term; but there is a slight difference

of opinion for the first time, and it consists in this: the Italian Revolutionists are excessively cockawhoop since the death of Cavour, and "talk daggers" to a considerable amount, treating every imaginable obstacle as if it could not by any possibility resist them.

Now, it so happens that their French associates have latterly seen reason to be just a little anxious about the chances of success of a merely volunteer force against the Austrian troops in the Quadrilateral. The chiefs of the Revolutionary party here are extremely prudent people, and have never been found wanting in a proper respect for what is termed the "better part of valour." They have therefore set about discovering how the land really lay, and from their own account they have returned with rather diminished confidence. Two or three trustworthy emissaries have been sent to Pesth and to Venice, and, after finding easy admission everywhere, they have, oddly enough, come back shaking their heads, and saying at every instant: "Austria is not what has been said; she is stronger than we supposed!" The natural consequence of this is, as I said, a slight difference between the French and the Italian "party of action"—the former being inclined to infinitely more circumspection than the latter.

Closely examined, I should say that the elections here for the Councils-General do not add to the Emperor's strength, for they contribute to exasperate public opinion, and to throw a slur on the whole system both past and present. It is a sort of repetition, on a small scale, of the Nice annexation affair. Every one knew, upon that occasion, what a tremendous deception was enacted, yet the result was all the same, and Nice was annexed upon its own enthusiastic demand! And thus with the Councils-General, there are few places where the Government candidates were well regarded, or unopposed; there are many where the Government candidate had absolutely no chance whatever; yet all give somewhere about the same result, and, voluntarily or involuntarily, the Councils-General are "annexed," as was Nice, and the same sort of "enthusiasm" is recorded. Now all this goes far to disgust people generally, and to prove to them what a *sham* the entire system of universal suffrage is as practised by the Emperor Napoleon.

It has never been so thoroughly brought home to them as upon this occasion, for till now they have never rendered a serious account to themselves of a serious opposition. This time they do know that a stand has been made,—that strong efforts have been put forth to counteract the despotism of the central authority; they know that in a great many cases it was followed by practical success, and that, if the slightest fair play had existed, the Government would have been plainly beaten in several instances; yet the ultimate result has not been changed, not even modified, by this very much altered state of things. This is sufficient to make every reflecting man start back in alarm from the recognition of the enormous juggler that is supplanting honest government wherever French influence can penetrate. There is a feeling of hopelessness about it which strikes a careful observer. It is as though these people now, for the first time, recognised the terrible weight of the incubus with which their own supineness has helped to saddle them. They would seem to have been indulging in some sort of idea that when they once chose to re-awaken and to act, they might again assert themselves, and take a part in having a sway over events; but it is quite certain that, although they really have for the last six months been "asserting" themselves,—although they have shown a vigour that has been thought extinct since the establishment of the Empire,—yet the result is—null!

The French are in the position of a man in a large garden out of which he believes he can go when he gets tired of being in it; but when he comes to try the gates they are double-locked, and when he tries to climb the palings or fences, they are either too high or too bristling with spikes and broken glass for him to lay hold on them. *He can't get out!* He is imprisoned,—caught; and he is so for ever. He can see no hope, no issue; in that enclosure he must remain, and he must accommodate himself to it. Inside it he may all day long eat all the fruits of the earth and scent the perfume of all its flowers; but he can't go beyond; the space outside the garden is forbidden him,—*he can't be free!* I repeat it, these people would seem to be growing alive to this fact for the first time, and they are proportionately impressed by it. They look in each other's faces, and say, "what is to be done?" and their master marks them and feels that he must do something to turn their thoughts into another current.

### FLORENCE.

SPITE of the cruel sacrifice which death has recently inflicted upon our country, the hungry monster's appetite seems still unsated. For some time past he has hovered threateningly over our great dramatist, Giovan Battista Niccolini. To our great relief, however, he appears to have relented and relinquished his prey, at least for a season. The poet is now in his seventy-ninth year, and therefore we can but feel that his present reprieve is only temporary. Before long it must be that we have to mourn the illustrious son of the illustrious race of Filicaja, the talented author, the patriotic writer of "Arnolfo da Brescia" and "Filippo Strozzi." The poet was born at San Giuliano in 1782. His father belonged to a well known Tuscan family, while his mother was a descendant of that poet whose famous sonnet to Italy is of such wide-spread renown. In his youth, Niccolini was patronized by the Princess Eliza, sister of the first Emperor Napoleon, and Queen of Etruria. Through her he obtained the appointment of secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts.

In 1807 and 1808, as Professor of History and Mythology, he delivered a course of lectures, which have recently been collected and published. During the long period which intervened between this time and the accession of Pius IX., his pen was never long idle, and it would be difficult to say whether his graceful prose, or the brilliant and patriotic inspirations of his poetic genius, conferred most credit and advantage upon Italy. His views, in reference to the Papacy, were the opposite of those of Gioberti. He ever maintained that the church was in essence and of necessity the antagonist of temporal liberty and reform. When the short meteor flash of liberalism blazed forth at the beginning of the present Pontificate, public faith was shaken in the poet, and he was glad to retire from the public gaze. But, alas! events only too soon proved the soundness of his opinions. Since 1858, his friends have had the gratification to see him again take part in the struggles and triumphs of the peninsula. The elasticity of the Italian character is admirably manifested at the



present crisis. No discouragement or despair mixes with the grief felt at the loss of our great statesman, but union and harmony seem rather to be the result. The day after Cavour's death, the republican party gathered together in considerable force, and traversed the city, uttering *vivas* for Victor Emmanuel, for Italy, for union, for our king *Galantuomo*. The insignificant and ignominious fraction of the Austro-clericals, or, to employ a popular phrase, the *Codini*, according to their wont, conducted themselves in such a manner as to draw upon themselves well-deserved punishment, which, it is to be hoped, may prove effective. And here I must retrace my steps, and narrate a significant circumstance which occurred a week ago.

The *fête* of the *Corpus Domini* has always, in the memory of man, been celebrated annually at a public festival. The procession of the Holy Sacrament used to be attended not only by the people in crowds, but all the authorities and the troops. The reigning families and their suites took part in the *cortège*, with the confraternities, the religious corporations, the clergy, and the bishops. Along the route of the procession the streets were covered with drapery and hangings. It was a spectacle at the same time religious and worldly, civil and military, royal and plebeian, accompanied by music and embellished by flowers.

The conduct of the upper ranks of the clergy has this year wearied out the patience of every living soul and thinking mind to such an extent that no one was disposed to offer the slightest tribute of respect to the enemies of our country, though clad in episcopal vestments, and adorned with mitre and crosier. It was therefore decided that the procession should take place without any of the usual civil and popular accessories; and the procession did in fact circulate through Florence without drum or trumpet, soldiers, flowers, civic functionaries, or authorities of any kind, without populace or princes. The passengers in the streets uncovered in front of the canopy which sheltered the priest who bore the Holy Sacrament. The clergy sung their hymns, or chanted their verses and litanies. The people were quiet; order was undisturbed; but the hisses for the bishop and clergy were unmistakable and patent.

Yesterday morning, then, we had received the afflictive intelligence of Count Cavour's death. The procession of *Corpus Domini* was to be repeated in the afternoon, according to custom, on the octave of the *fête*. The *Codini* were represented by the Signori Martelli, Giusti, and others, including Corsini—a member of that noble family whose representative, the Marquis de Lajatico, died at London, a man esteemed by all, and whose son is *aide-de-camp* to his Majesty. They met, and, overjoyed by the death of Count Cavour, and believing that the Florentines in their despair would suffer the Austro-clerical retrogrades to do as they pleased, formed the resolution of publicly accompanying the procession, adorned with their decorations, all more or less Austrian; and armed with immense wax tapers, two and two, with slow and solemn step they marched behind the canopy, under which the bishop carried the Holy Sacrament in triumph. To see them, and be moved to indignation by their impudence, was one and the same thing. All the gentlemen of the city, whether grouped together in the *cafés* or in the streets and squares, appeared to be animated by a single idea.

They met spontaneously in front of the cathedral. When the procession was about to re-enter the building, and all the clergy, the canopy, and the Holy Sacrament had passed in, suddenly interposing themselves, they separated the *cortège* of the *Codini* from the rest, and set up a vigorous hissing and shouting. The *Codini*, thus surrounded, lost their presence of mind, were frightened, and tried to escape. The people cried—"Cavour is dead, but Italy is not dead, and she will give you a lesson of patriotism!" A black and yellow ribbon was torn from the breast of Prince Corsini, who, as he fled, received some kicks on a part of his person which rendered them little flattering to the dignity of an ex-chamberlain of the Grand Duke. The *Codini* lustily defended themselves with their tapers against the not very formidable attacks of the crowd, who were, in the main, contented with hissing, pushing, and spitting upon them, or administering the correction to which we have already adverted in the case of Prince Corsini. The pell-mell was general; priests were rushing in every direction; Martelli met a famous boxer, who gave him two heavy blows in the ribs; the greater number took refuge in the church and baptistry, where they shut themselves in. Corsini had disappeared, but violent hands were laid upon his carriage, and the windows broken. The coachman protested that he had taken no part in the matter. "Be quiet!" they replied; "it is only your carriage, not you, that we shall hurt." The bishop quitted the baptistry to enter his carriage. He was no longer invested with the sacred character of a priest bearing the Host; he was a mere man. He was therefore received with derisive shouts and hisses. Crossing himself, he cried, "I am an Italian;" but the indignation was such that gentlemen threw their cigars in his face, and in the midst of universal reprobation he regained his palace, where he would have leisure to reflect that it is better to be a Liberal than a *Codino*, to be Italian than Austrian. The people surrounded the two edifices in which the frightened clericals had taken refuge. It was not until two o'clock in the morning that a few choristers, seminarists, and priests, like a flock of frightened rooks, abandoned their prison by a side door unperceived by the crowd, and regained their respective habitations, right glad to escape the frightful fate with which they had for some hours been menaced, of dying, like poor Count Ugolini, of starvation.

This semi-ludicrous demonstration diverted the public mind from its grief. The people say to-day, with dignified calmness, that it is time to get rid of the enemies of Italy, whatever the mask beneath which they disguise themselves. The National Guard was on foot all night to prevent the *Codini* from being further molested by the populace. This morning some of the partisans of the bishop and of Austria are keeping their beds, and their physicians have deemed it prudent to bleed them, in order to mitigate the effects of the fear they have undergone. It is market-day. The citizens recount the exploits of last evening to the country people, who are delighted, and who also aver that it is time to have done with the enemies of Italy, no matter to what sect or party they belong.

The position of the upper clergy in this country is becoming untenable. They have to struggle not only against their consciences as Italians, against their legitimate government, against the people by whom they are despised, but they have also to struggle against the lower ranks of their own caste—the patriotic priests who *en masse* detest, and protest against, the retrograde ideas of their superiors, the orders received from Rome, and the anti-Italianism

of the heads of the church. Every day the clergy is becoming more and more divided and dismembered, and protests with increasing energy that it is determined to be Italian. This false and temporary condition ought to be rectified by France without further delay. The French occupation of Rome should cease, and our arms be left to protect the head of the church. Pius would then no longer be king of a people who rejects him, but the chief of the great Catholic world! Let us hope that before many more weeks have elapsed, we shall rejoice at the solution of this embarrassing question, and have the delight of realizing our long-desired unity for our own glory and happiness, and the peace and prosperity of Europe.

To return to the point from which I set out. After much reflection and observation of the effects produced by the death of our lamented statesman, I fully share the opinion of those who believe it will not be productive of evil to his country. It is my belief that it will rather accelerate its complete unification. Misfortune has a tendency to unite as prosperity too often divides. All the deputies shed silent tears as they quitted the chamber after the death of their president. Those men who, the day before, were adversaries, felt themselves closely drawn to each other by the great public calamity; and so, I doubt not, under Providence, we shall see great good result from this seemingly great evil.

## SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

PERHAPS the Ministerialists and Government subs did not go down to the House on Monday night in fear and quaking! Your Lords of the Treasury and under-Secretaries curl and twist like a sensitive plant, when the Opposition leader holds their official existence in the hollow of his hand.

Last year any brother member who had been at the fight between Sayers and Heenan was the centre of a listening group for a week afterwards. On Monday night the Derbyites who had been in St. James's-square had to minister to the same intense curiosity, and were the objects of the same delicate attentions. Until the Liberals knew what the Conservative chieftain had said, nobody could be sure that the session would pass over without a change of Government and a general election. Here is a sample of these new *Causeries du Lundi*.

"Hilloa, Fitzluce! come and sit by us, and give us a full, true, and particular account of what Derby said to you!"

"Ah, do! Fitz. Are you going to turn us out?"

"Were there many of you?"

"Church-rates a mere pretext, I'll be sworn?"

"My good friends, I can't answer a dozen questions at once. Besides, I don't know whether I ought to tell."

"Pooh! it will be in the papers to-morrow morning. I have seen Brand with half-a-dozen fellows who were there. Pam knew all about it, half-an-hour after Derby had done with you. So don't be mysterious, but propound."

"Well! you are at our mercy. Pam is a tenant-at-will. He is our very good friend and servant. When he ceases to do our work, he is to go."

"Good! but did he do your work *in re* the Paper Duty Bill?"

"Hum! ha! perhaps not. I don't think Derby took notice of that. But it was a fine speech. You know his trumpet-like, stirring tones. Egad, we have not been in such feather since the Mansion-house dinner."

"Upon your honour as a gentleman, sir, were you not really sent for in order that the defaulters on the Paper Duty division might receive a severe 'wiggling'?"

"Well, I more than half suspect we were. Dizzy, you know, took that confoundedly to heart; I thought he would have been over the traces."

"Was he there?"

"Yes."

"Did he say anything?"

"Not a word."

Being cross-examined, the witness said he should never make an end if gentlemen pestered him with questions; but that if he were allowed to tell the story in his own way, he should sooner have done.

"No, hang it! I can't remember my own speeches, much less another man's."

"Well, how many did you muster?"

"More than two hundred; and letters came to hand from a score fellows who could not attend."

"Well, how did you begin?"

"Oh, quite complimentary. Delighted at numerous attendance, especially considering the lateness of the session and the short notice; we had done him great honour, and that sort of thing."

"Threw over Sotheron-Estcourt's compromise, of course?"

"Well, not exactly; he said it was put forward on Sotheron's own responsibility, and it was useful to show the conciliatory spirit that prevailed on our side of the House. But as the enemy would listen to no compromise, he advised us to throw out Trelawny's bill. And, by Jove, we'll do it! Taylor's the best whip we have had for years, and he says it shall never go up to the Lords."

"*Nous verrons*. Well, what about turning out the Government?"

"Oh, Derby was splendid there. He said that a vote of want of confidence in the present Government could be carried any night this session. That bears out the Mansion-house speech. You asked me then whether it was quite certain that, by coalescing with other parties, he could turn out the Government? Look at the Irish members, and doubt it now if you can."

"Granted! if your Paper Duty defaulters did not desert you again. Well, if the Government does not possess your confidence, and you can turn them out, why does not Derby do it?"

"Well, you see, some of our fellows did not quite go with Derby there. But I must say it was very ingenious. Let me see if I can remember. Oh! yes. There are two parties, he made it out, in Palmerston's Cabinet,—the one Conservative—that's Pam himself,—and the other Revolutionary—that's Gladstone, and Milner Gibson, and Villiers. Well, Pam is firm, and will have his own way, because he knows he can call upon us to pull him through and snub Gladstone. So, as long as Pam has the best of it, and governs the country in a Conservative spirit, the best thing that could happen to the country (Derby said) was, that Pam should remain at the head of affairs."

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"A very pretty thesis. Is it quite satisfactory to your 'young ambitions?'"

"Perhaps not; but no wise leader ever made their impatience the measure of his own prudence. Derby hinted, in his own felicitous way, that it was no use to seize the reins prematurely,—that Conservative principles were making way and gaining strength,—and that, if we wanted to let the process go on, we should be rewarded, *entendez vous?* by a permanent possession of Downing-street,—a good long swing of office,—the run of the Treasury cupboards for as many years as the Whigs have enjoyed it."

"Ha! ha! The pear is not ripe, and the grapes are sour. And is Pam to be Premier as long as he lives?"

"No; when Pam gives way to the Revolutionary element, or is out-voted, we are to do our duty."

"But the Paper Duty, Fitz? Was not that a clear case, and ought not Palmerston to have gone out upon it, on Derby's own theory?"

"D—n the Paper Duty. I am sick of the very name of it, and so we are all. I can barely tolerate the sight of a bank note, and shall always hold the name of 'blue-wave' and 'cream-laid' in abhorrence."

"Ha! ha! Bravo Fitz. You were never a very punctual correspondent, and now you have an excuse for writing fewer letters than ever. But now for the 'milk of the cocoa-nut?' You were called together, you know, to be rated by Derby for having been disobedient to Dizzy?"

"Well, the chief said he did not wish to give offence to any members of the party; but combination and mutual confidence were as necessary in parliamentary as in military tactics, and when a general at a critical moment could not depend on his own reserves, he was very awkwardly placed."

"I can imagine Dizzy's impassive, not to say stolid and unconcerned look. And how did the chief sum up?"

"Why, that under all the circumstances no attempt ought to be made to turn out the Government this session."

"Excellent! Derby is the benefactor of his (parliamentary) species. He certainly behaved like a gentleman and a knight, and a belted earl as he is, on the Paper Duty this year. If I did not believe in Pam, I could almost throw up my cap for Derby. Did your secessionists take their punishment kindly?"

"Pretty well; Arthur Mills said something in defence of their votes on the Paper Duty."

"Anything about foreign affairs?"

"Well, yes, I believe Mills did hint at them. It is not the best time for a general election and a change of Government, you know. Some of our fellows, too, like Lord John's Italian policy, and think it would hardly be mended, if we had to rely for our majority here upon the Pope's brass band."

"They are right. Malmesbury, *pur et simple*, is bad enough, but Malmesbury, with Pope-Hennessy and McGuire as viceroys over him, is not to be thought of without a shudder. Between them the Italian Peninsula would be in an uproar in three weeks."

"I won't hear anything against Malmesbury. And Arthur Mills's speech jarred upon our ears like a note out of tune. Such fellows won't be the worse for bringing a little pressure to bear upon them."

"But, my dear Fitz, hear reason! Derby says the Government ought not to be turned out this session."

"Yes."

"Is not that precisely what Arthur Mills and his two-and-twenty said and thought, when they stayed away from the division? If they had voted against the Government, you would, with the aid of the Irish members, have thrown out the Paper Duty. The Government would not have resigned, and then we should have had a dissolution. Does it not seem to you they were acting according to Derby's newest lights, and ought to be praised and commended instead of being talked at?"

"No! Our men say that if Pam had been beaten he would have pocketed the defeat, and accepted Gladstone's resignation. He would have gone into opposition with Milner Gibson and Bright—there would have been an inextinguishable feud between Pam and Gladstone—we could have kept Pam in office as long as it suited our book, and he would very likely have offered three or four places in the Cabinet to our most moderate men—say Walpole, Henley, and Sotherton-Estcourt. As to his dissolving Parliament and going to the hustings against the Tea Duties, tell it to the Marines."

"Well, you are a good fellow, and have talked like a book. The Dissenters, out of doors, are helping you wonderfully for Wednesday."

Was our Noble Viscount grateful on Monday night that he accepted the Conservative proposal of the saucy but not unpopular Collins? Last week he would not hear of giving two additional members to the West Riding, still less of dividing the Riding, which, according to Tory calculations, will give the agriculturists of one division a chance of returning two members. To-night, as if to show his Conservative tendencies, our Noble Viscount not only conceded the two additional members, but also the division of the Riding. It was true he had been first beaten handsomely on the proposal to give a member to Middlesex. Mr. Ayrton resents as a personal reflection the refusal of the House to give another member, either to the metropolitan boroughs or the metropolitan county. But if all the metropolitan members were Ayrtons, seldom claiming the attention of the House, and always demeaning themselves modestly, like their great prototype, how gladly would the House see their number increased, and how warmly would they be welcomed!

If the Government could have foreseen that the Opposition would have possessed themselves of the four seats proposed by the bill to be given to Chelsea and Kensington, Birkenhead, South Lancashire, and the West Riding, respectively, they would assuredly have remitted the bill to a more convenient season. They had calculated on gaining two of these seats, leaving two for the Opposition. But at present the Conservatives seem in a fair way for gaining four seats under the bill. They speculate on returning the two West Riding members, the representative for Birkenhead (Mr. J. Laird), and they will, it is said, run a candidate against Mr. Gladstone in South Lancashire. If the right hon. gentleman should win the day, they still gain a seat, because they will bring in a Conservative in his place for Oxford University.

Any one who had come down on Wednesday without looking at the orders of the day would again have known that the Church Rates Abolition Bill

was down for a third reading by the black-coated, white-chokered assemblage in the strangers' galleries and behind the bar. The fight was removed from the Treasury bench and front Opposition bench, and transferred for the most part below the gangway—the combatants being Lord Robert Cecil on the part of the No Surrender Churchmen, and Mr. Bright and his friends on the part of the No Surrender Dissenters. Sotherton-Estcourt, Cross, and one or two others, did indeed argue for a compromise, which almost all men desired, but which few were sanguine enough to deem possible. The Conservatives this afternoon put a climax upon their long and brilliant series of Wednesday afternoon triumphs. Their whips were indefatigable, and made the most of the alleged unconciliating spirit of the political Dissenters and their organs in the House.

When the division approached it was evident the numbers were nearly balanced; but the astonishment and excitement were almost unprecedented when it was discovered that, in a house of 552 members, the numbers were equally divided. When the tellers came to the table and compared notes there was a momentary hesitation between Sir John Trelawny and Mr. Sotherton-Estcourt; and a seeming contest as to who should announce the numbers. It was ended by Sir John Trelawny taking the paper, on the ground that the bill was his, and that he had moved the second reading. He read out, "Ayes to the right, 274; noes to the left, 274." The cheering, the hubbub, and the delight of the Opposition benches were unbounded and indescribable. The Speaker then stood forward to give the casting vote. An intense silence was procured. He was not content with giving his vote, but explained and defended it on grounds peculiar to him as Speaker, and independent of the merits of the question. His predecessors in like cases, he said, had always given that casting-vote which would bring any given question again under the purview and decision of the House. This, however, being the third reading of the bill, if the measure should pass its present stage, no further vote of the House could be taken upon it. His desire was that the House should have another opportunity of coming to a more deliberate determination upon the bill. He took the opinion of the House, so far as he could gather it from the debate, to be in favour of some compromise; and in order that an opportunity should be afforded of a reconsideration of the question, he should give his casting-vote in favour of the bill.

Oh! then arose screams, and shouts, and explosions of joy that shook the rafters. The black-coated organs of chapel, conventicle, and tabernacle were struck with profound dejection. The House rose in a fever of excitement. The Conservative party seemed to be fulfilling the proud rôle indicated for them by Lord Derby, and already realising his predictions of an increase of influence and strength. As for the defeated Liberals, they eagerly discussed the Speaker's decision, and discovered that he had veiled his private feelings against the bill under some pretences of official duty that would not hold water. The principle of a bill is always said to be affirmed on a second reading; and a Speaker would not be far wrong (it was urged) in assuming that, if the numbers were equal on the third reading, the accidental absence of some hon. members had caused the diminution in the numbers. (The numbers who voted for the second reading of Sir J. Trelawny's bill, were 281 against 266: thus, while the supporters of the bill had lost seven votes, its opponents had in the interval gained eight.) It was also maintained that while, in the House of Lords, on a division, when the numbers are equal *semper prosumitur pro negante*, and the bill is therefore lost; in the Commons, on the contrary, the Speaker's casting vote ought always to be given on the side of popular rights, popular concessions, and popular liberties. I by no means express an opinion on these knotty points; I only wish to indicate the triumph of the Opposition, and the grave protests against Mr. Speaker's casting-vote, in which the defeated abolitionists found consolation and comfort as they walked home after the tremendous and mortifying beating they had received.

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

SINCE the first introduction of gunpowder into warfare, very little improvement has taken place in its composition. It is still the same black compound of "villainous saltpetre" with brimstone and charcoal, which it was in the days of its first employment as the great unanswerable argument. Great improvements have doubtless been effected in the mechanical processes of mixing and grinding, and the proportions of the ingredients have been considerably modified, being even now different in various countries. But it still remains the same in its essential ingredients, in spite of the numerous attempts which have been made from time to time to replace it by some more powerful or safer substitute. At one time gun-cotton seemed likely to prove a powerful rival; but after the novelty of this new agent wore off, it was gradually seen that its advantages were more than counterbalanced by its shortcomings, and we believe that at present gun-cotton is very little used, except for experimental or pyrotechnic purposes.

Another rival has now appeared, equally white and cleanly with gun-cotton, and claiming to possess all the good qualities of the popular black powder in an enhanced degree, without its disadvantages. This white gunpowder is composed of the following ingredients:—

Ferrocyanide of potassium	28 parts by weight
Cane sugar	23 " "
Chlorate of potash	49 " "

Each of these is to be finely powdered separately, and then well mixed together, by hand or otherwise, taking care to avoid much friction. This powder is said to burn very perfectly, 100 parts by weight being resolved into 47½ parts of gaseous bodies and 52½ parts of solid residue. Taking ordinary gunpowder as unity, the results are said to be:—

	Ordinary Powder.	White Powder.
Volume of gas set free	1	2107
Temperature of the flame	1	0.641
Amount of residue	1	0.770

According to this statement the new powder has the advantage of more than twice the power, whilst it ignites at a lower temperature, and leaves less residue. Several other advantages are pointed out by Dr. Pöhl (who has described this as an improvement upon Angendré's formula), one of which is the ease with which the white powder is manufactured, there being no necessity for granulating or glazing, and another being the less danger from



accidents. A disadvantage is the high price of the materials, but this is possibly compensated by the smaller quantity required to produce a certain effect. The great defect of all these novel mixtures is not hinted at, however, by our author. Wherever chlorate of potash is introduced into a mixture for the purpose of communicating to it explosive properties, the composition is liable to detonate by friction or a blow. Ordinary powder may be very roughly handled without fear of explosion. It may even be spilled upon the ground and trodden upon without much danger; but if this white powder were employed in its place, explosions would be of almost daily occurrence. It would ignite with nearly the facility of a lucifer match (to the composition on some of these it has indeed great resemblance); and instead of a powder magazine being as it is now, when under proper regulations, the safest place in the world, it would be pretty sure to find itself and all contents in the air the first time a barrel of white powder was moved from its place in a clumsy manner.

A new alloy for cannons, possessing greater strength than the best wrought-iron, will appropriately follow a description of a more powerful gunpowder. The inventor is an Austrian marine officer named Aich; and under the name of Aich's metal, an alloy of iron, copper, and zinc is being now manufactured, possessing extraordinary strength. The specific gravity of the compound is 8.40. The proportions of the metals are not at present known: this, however, would be found out in an hour or two by any chemist who could get possession of a few grains of the metal. The colour is similar to brass, but darker. It can be worked more easily than iron, and almost as readily as copper; its ductility is extraordinary, but its most valuable quality is its strength. Tested at the Vienna arsenal, it was found, when cast, to be nearly as strong as Armstrong gun iron, but by hammering and rolling, its strength was almost doubled. Some of it was wrought in this way, and then made into a tube and tested, with gunpowder, against good wrought-iron and bronze gun-metal. It had nearly twice the strength of the former and five times that of the latter.

In a manufacturing country where thousands of tons of waste products are being accumulated in mountains round every large chemical factory, the problem of the utilisation of waste is of vast importance. M. Kuhlmann has just shown how the "soda residues" (oxysulphide of calcium), which have hitherto been of no value whatever, can be transformed into a very hard and durable plaster. He mixes together equal parts of these residues and the crude oxide of iron obtained in the combustion of pyrites. The mixture is moistened and ground up into a homogeneous paste, when it gradually solidifies in the cold to a mass as hard as a well-burned brick. On exposure to the air it becomes still further hardened, and becomes extremely sonorous. The colour of the mass is of a reddish brown, like earthen pottery. This cement is said to stand the action of frost in a very perfect manner, especially if the surface be temporarily hardened by a wash of silicate of potash. If this cement were formed into bricks, they would doubtless be far cheaper than those in ordinary use. The best mortar for them would be some of the freshly-ground paste before it has solidified. A wall built in this manner would ultimately harden into one solid piece, no portion being weaker than the rest.

#### WHAT OUR CHEMISTRY HAS DONE.

AMONGST our English philosophers it is scarcely possible to discover one so far in advance of the times in which he lived as was Robert Boyle. In his, in every way, remarkable book "Touching the usefulness of Experimental Natural Philosophy," published in 1663, we have a record of the many advantages derived by man from "imitating or changing the Productions of Nature." He commences the concluding paragraphs of his first Essay in that book thus:—

"And sure 'tis a great Honour that the Indulgent Creator vouchsafes to Naturalists (meaning all experimental philosophers) that though he gives them not the power to produce one Atome of Matter, yet he allows them the power to introduce so many Forms (which Philosophers teach to be nobler than matter) and work such changes that if Adam were now alive, and should survey that great variety of Man's Productions that is to be found in the shops of Artificers, the Laboratories of Chymists, and other well furnished Magazines of Art, he would admire to see what a new world, as it were, or set of Things, has been added to the Primitive Creatures by the Industry of His Posterity."

Nearly two hundred years have passed away since this was written, yet it applies with far greater force to the science of the nineteenth century than it did to the infant strugglings of experimental science in the seventeenth. Could only the industrious Boyle, instead of Adam, take his place amongst us, he would indeed "admire to see what a new world" had been created by the "Industry of His Posterity."

The true experimental philosopher now stands within the charmed circle of his science. He bids the elements to change their forms, and they obey him. He summons the powers of nature, and they answer to his call. The subtle *Electricity* has become a metallurgist to please him, and, more speedily than the poet's sprite, it puts a girdle round the earth, and instantaneously conveys our thoughts, regardless of space, to the most distant lands. Ethereal *Light* paints on the tablets which man prepares, in all their truth and all their details, the objects which it illuminates. All-penetrating, evanescent, *Heat* is bound to be our slave, to drag our carriages, to drive our mills, to propel our ships, to drain our mines, and to perform a thousand other tasks. *Chemical Force*—whatever that agency may be—takes the raw material from the lap of nature and transmutes the compound, by the might of human knowledge. That which was offensive to the sense of smell is rendered in the highest degree fragrant; that which was a crude mass is made to assume a beautiful geometric form; and that which was colourless and repulsive to the eye, is changed into coloured forms which command the admiration of the most refined amongst us. This, and much more, has been effected by the industry and devotion of modern men of science.

It cannot but be instructive to consider briefly some of the mysterious changes which have been effected in matter by the chemist. Especially so when we reflect that it is by no empirical system of experiment, like that which prevailed in Boyle's time, but by a refined process, based on a knowledge of the laws which regulate the composition of bodies, that the chemist now pursues his labours.

Our philosophy has taught us that every change in nature is regulated by a fixed law; and our science has proved to us that a few ultimate atoms,

combined in certain numerical proportions, give rise to the immense variety which we see around us. Nature has given us many of the combinations ready made; but we have learnt that nature has left an almost infinite variety of changes yet to be produced in the constitution of matter, as if to try the ingenuity of the human mind.

Let us take one example, out of the many from which we might select as instances, and follow it by the light of science as far as we can.

Carbon exists in nature as charcoal, as plumbago, or black lead, and as the diamond. Combined with oxygen, it is found in the air as carbonic acid, being poured forth from every living lung, and formed in abundance from every fire. Combined with hydrogen, it is the destructive fire-damp of our coal-mines; and we find the three combining to produce our coal.

Those beds of fossil fuel which have made England a manufacturing nation, and given to her people the supremacy in commerce, have been derived from ancient forests which drew their wood from the carbonic acid in the air, ere yet the earth was fitted to be the abode of mammalian animals. Cataclysmal changes have followed, in the lapse of ages, one upon the other. Periods of long repose have been succeeded by epochs of convulsive energy. Thus the Flora of the old world has been stored to furnish the coal for the new one.

We take this coal from the depths of the rocks, and this compound of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, with a comparatively small admixture of nitrogen, becomes the necessity of our every day life. The chemist has taught us that by subjecting coal to heat, in closed vessels, we can distil over certain volatile products and a gaseous compound of carbon and of hydrogen (coal gas), which now flows in streams beneath our streets to illuminate our cities and our dwellings. For long years the gas alone was valued, even the residuary coke was with difficulty got rid of, and all the liquid products were permitted to run to waste.

Our chemistry teaches us economy. The watery products contain ammonia, —a compound of the nitrogen with hydrogen—these we treat with acids, and form salts, which are useful in the arts, and valuable in agriculture.

Coal-tar, which requires no description, and which is ever offensive to the sense of smell, yields, by distillation, a variety of combinations of carbon and hydrogen, which are exceedingly interesting as exhibiting the peculiarities dependent on the combining proportions, and are very important commercially. A few of these we must now enumerate.

*Naphtha*.—The peculiarities of this volatile oil or spirit are well known, and by separating the more volatile portions of it we obtain *benzole*, so called from its relation to the fragrant gum, benzoin, and its product benzoic acid. *Naphthaline* is another product from coal tar—a solid crystalline hydrocarbon, which has not yet found any especial practical application, but which is, in its chemical relations of the greatest importance.

*Paraffine*, obtained from this and other sources, is another solid hydrocarbon, which is manufactured into beautiful candles, and is, in the condition of an oil, one of the most important lubricants with which we are acquainted. These are the more important agents obtained by a careful distillation of the tar, in addition to which are some oils, varying in specific gravity, usually known as "dead oils," from which the chemists are obtaining several very curious compounds which promise to be of much value.

When we act on benzole with nitric acid, we obtain a yellowish oil known as *nitro-benzole*, which is most fragrant, resembling in every respect the essential oil of bitter almonds, except that it has the advantage of not being poisonous. This nitro-benzole is also a source of aniline, which is used for the manufacture of a beautiful class of dye colours, now well known as the Mauve, Magenta, Roseine, &c.

Aniline occurs as a natural formation in the indigo plant *Anil Indigofera*, from whence its name; and it is obtained artificially from coal-tar by a process of distillation with acetic acid and iron filings. Aniline is a colourless liquid, with a strong aromatic odour, and a sharp burning taste. Dr. Hoffman was the first to observe that chloride of lime produced a beautiful violet blue when mixed with aniline. Mr. Perkins, a pupil in the Chemical Laboratory of the Government School of Mines under the charge of Dr. Hoffman, following out this indication, succeeded in preparing the dye first known as Perkins's purple; and from this aniline, chemists are now preparing every shade of blue and red, with their inter-combinations, while quite recently Mr. Grace Calvert announces the preparation of a green from the same source.

Now let us retrace what chemistry has done. We may render this more striking by putting into a tabular form a few of those compounds which have become of commercial importance:—

COAL . . . . .	Ordinary Coal Gas.
	Olifant Gas.
	Ammonia.
COKE . . . . .	
	Naphtha.
	Naphthaline.
	Benzole.
COAL TAR . . . . .	Essential Oil of Almonds, &c.
	Paraffine.
	Aniline, &c., &c., producing blue, purple, lilac, violet, crimson, red, and green dyes.

It must not be forgotten that the mere production of the new colours does not constitute their greatest value. They are *substantial* colours, which adhere to the fibre without the intermediation of a mordant, and they are permanent against the influences of the brightest sunshine. Laurent and Casthelaz, speaking of what chemistry has done with coal, show that the kilogramme of coal (2lbs. 3½ ozs.), which was worth 4 cents, becomes, as the pure aniline violet powder, increased in value to nearly 4,000 francs.

Surely, if we are not allowed by the laws of nature to change the forms of the ultimate atoms, we have shown that we are permitted to transmute the proximate particles, so as really to create new forms. What can be less interesting than a dark lump of coal? what more beautiful than those new red colours, which give a brilliancy to silk fibre such as was never before obtained?—What can be more offensive to smell than gas tar? what more fragrant than the odour of nitro-benzole, rivalling the almond and the nectarine in its delicacy?

These are but a few of the things which our chemistry has done for us. We hope, however, the selection which we have made will, by illustrating the

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results derived by the intercombination of two, or at the most three, elements, show how rapidly man advances when he interprets Nature correctly.

John Dalton was the High Priest to whom the Oracle disclosed the secret of the combination of atoms. It is by following the clue which he placed in the hands of the chemist, that he is enabled to thread his way through the maze of Creation's works, and draw from the stores of nature products which minister equally to man's wants and his luxuries.

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

A very remarkable paper, with this title, addressed to Field-Marshal Vaillant by M. Le Verrier, was communicated last week to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the occasion of his having completed his researches on the four planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars. The practical result of these researches, in which theory is compared with observation, is the production of astronomical tables much more correct than those hitherto adopted.

The planes of the orbits in which the planets move are displaced by the action of planetary masses exterior to the Sun. It is the same with the orientations of their orbits, and the very form of these orbits is subject to alterations. When these changes have been accurately observed, they enable the astronomer to weigh the masses that produce them.

On the supposition that these disturbing agents are the known planets, the results, deduced from the changes in all the orbits, must agree in giving the same value to the masses. If the masses ascribed to all the planets account for all the observations, the work of the astronomer is complete; but if they do not, it is obvious "that there exists in our system a notable quantity of matter which has not been taken into account, and the consideration of which is indispensable."

Mercury and Venus, on account of their position and small size, do not exert a great action on the bodies of our system. The observations on Venus give for the mass of Mercury the five millionth part ( $\frac{1}{5,000,000}$ ) of the mass of the Sun, while the motion of the Earth, deduced from the observations on the Sun, makes the mass of Venus the three millionth part ( $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$ ) of that of the Sun.

The mass of Venus is about the four hundred thousandth part ( $\frac{1}{400,000}$ ) of that of the Sun.

The mass of the Earth is the three hundred and fifty-fifth thousand part ( $\frac{1}{355,000}$ ) of that of the Sun.

With these data, the theory of Mars may be established and compared with observation.

Now, M. Le Verrier has found that it is impossible to represent all the observations of Mars without augmenting the motion of its perihelion, a change which would require an augmentation of the mass either of Venus or the Earth. The theory of Venus, however, will not authorise any change in its mass, and therefore we must increase the mass of the Earth one-tenth, in order to satisfy the theory of Mars.

M. Le Verrier has been led to the same result respecting the orbit of Mercury, which, according to observation, has a much more rapid motion in its perihelion than corresponds with the above-mentioned planetary masses. This fact cannot be explained by adding a tenth to the mass of the Earth, and as it is not possible to increase the mass of Venus, M. Le Verrier has been led to conclude that there exists a ring of masses within the orbit of Mercury.

This disturbing mass, placed at a mean distance from the sun of 0.17 would be precisely equal to the mass of Mercury, and its greatest elongation about 10 degrees. As such a mass, in the form of a single planet, is not seen even in total eclipses, nor in transits over the Sun's disc, M. Le Verrier is led to substitute for this single planet a series of asteroids, the sum of whose actions would produce the same effect on the perihelion of Mercury without causing any sensible inequality in its period. This hypothesis our author considers probable from the existence of sixty asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, if he thinks there is reason to believe that planetary space contains an unlimited number of small bodies circulating round the sun.

In order to account for the increase in the motion of the perihelion of Mars, M. Le Verrier has shown that it is necessary to admit the existence of asteroids at a distance equal to that of this Earth from the Sun, and having a mass equal to a tenth part of that of the Earth. If this mass is situated nearly in the plane of the ecliptic, it would produce the same effect on the motion of the orbit of Venus. Such a group would have no influence on the periodic terms of the perturbations of Venus and Mars; and the relation which exists between the mass of the Earth's gravity and the parallax of the Sun would not be altered.

With respect to the mass of the group of planets between Mars and Jupiter, it is not possible to obtain a measure of the effect required from the group of asteroids placed at a distance equal to that of the Earth from the Sun. Having no means of separating completely the action of the two groups, we can merely assign to these masses their higher limits, by attributing successively to each of the groups the whole excess in the motion of the perihelion of Mars. "We thus find," says our author, "that the sum total of the matter constituting the small planets situated between the mean distances 2.20 and 3.16 cannot exceed the third part of the mass of the earth."

The constitution of the inferior part of our planetary system, deduced from a discussion of observations, may be stated as follows:—

1. Beside the planets Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, there exists between the Sun and Mercury a ring of asteroids which together constitute a mass equal to that of Mercury.
2. At the distance of the Earth from the Sun, there is a second ring of asteroids whose mass is equal to the tenth part of the mass of the earth.
3. The total mass of the group of small planets between Mars and Jupiter is equal to a third of the mass of the earth.

"This last conclusion depends on the measure of the distance of the Earth from the Sun by the observation of the transits of Venus, a measure which astronomers agree in considering very accurate."

### WIND CYCLES.

The Astronomer Royal, in his last report to the visitors of the Royal Observatory, calls attention to a curious discovery that has been made in connection with the observations of the wind. He says:—The vane of Osler's anemometer turned on the whole, in the year 1860, rather more than twice in the retrograde direction, or N., W., S., E., N. This unusual circumstance having turned our attention to the similar records of past years, we have found the following remarkable series. The sign + denotes that the vane turned in the direction N., E., S., W., N.; the sign — denotes the opposite rotation:—

In 1841 the vane made + 5.4 revolutions.	In 1851 the vane made + 19.1 revolutions.
" 1842 " " + 13.1 "	" 1852 " " + 8.8 "
" 1843 " " + 20.7 "	" 1853 " " — 1.9 "
" 1844 " " + 21.7 "	" 1854 " " + 6.8 "
" 1845 (104 months) " + 8.0 "	" 1855 " " + 10.8 "
" 1846 the vane made + 1.8 "	" 1856 " " + 16.1 "
" 1847 " " + 11.0 "	" 1857 " " + 14.7 "
" 1848 " " + 12.1 "	" 1858 " " + 24.1 "
" 1849 " " + 23.3 "	" 1859 " " + 14.0 "
" 1850 " " + 15.9 "	" 1860 " " — 2.1 "

There seems to be in these numbers a septennial period. If any such cycle should ever be confirmed the Astronomer Royal suggests as a possible cause, not a cycle of external action, but a periodical throb of temperature from the interior of the earth. It seems likely that a very small change of superficial temperature might sufficiently influence the currents of air to produce the effect which has been observed.

June 20, 1861.

X. Y. Z.

### LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

Meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, held June 14th, at 8 p.m., Dr. Lee, president, in the chair. The minutes of the preceding meeting having been read and confirmed, and the presents to the society announced, a paper by Mr. Birt was read, in which he called attention to a spot which has lately entered on the sun's disc, and which exhibited, in addition to the phenomenon first remarked by Dr. Wilson, in 1769, of possessing less penumbra on the side farthest from the sun's limb, a want of penumbra nearest the limb; from three sketches of the spot which were exhibited at the meeting, the author inferred the action of a force exerted considerably below the photosphere in an oblique direction.

Mr. Eaton contributed some beautiful views of Jupiter and Saturn taken with a refractor of 10 inches aperture and 13 feet focal length, recently erected by Messrs. Cooke & Sons, of York. In the views of Jupiter the diagonal belt which has been for some time visible, and to which attention has been drawn by the Astronomer Royal, who has constructed tables of its Jovicentric longitude for its better observation, is beautifully figured.

A valuable communication on the secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion was read, in which the author, Mr. Donaghan, who dates from Madeira, states that, without seeing the papers which have recently appeared on the subject he has, by a simple process, arrived at precisely the same result as Professor Adams. Taking this in connection with M. Delauney's labours in the same direction, he considers the question as settled.

Mr. Warren de la Rue's description of the inequalities of the shadow of Saturn's ring has drawn the attention of Capt. Jacob and Mr. Lassell to the subject. The former believes he saw it, but his instrument has not sufficient light to allow him to be quite decided on the point; and the latter observed precisely the same appearance on the 3rd August, 1849, when the position of the ring, with regard to the sun and the earth, was nearly the same as at present.

The observations made at Greenwich of the minor planets during May were presented by the Astronomer-Royal.

Two letters on the subject of variable stars were then read; one from Mr. Abbott, on the variation of  $\eta$  Argus; and the other from Mr. Hind, who, from observations made on a star in the vicinity of the region in which the "new star" of 1670 appeared, asks if all the "new stars" which have from time to time attracted attention may not be existing variable stars at the periods of their maxima.

Another letter, also from the same astronomer, on the nomenclature of the minor planets, was communicated.

The Rev. Mr. Pritchard, one of the vice-presidents of the society, then made a series of observations, which almost amounted to a lecture, on the recent total eclipse of the sun, and solar physics generally, as affected by the new spectrum discoveries.

To begin with the eclipse, he referred to the observations of his party stationed at Gijuli, and more especially to the singularly accurate eye-sketch made by Mr. Bartlett, the contractor of the railway from Bilbao to Tudela, and their most generous host. He had previously advised him, in common with the rest of his party, to place his eye behind a plumb-line, so as to bisect the sun's disc; then to call the vertex of the sun obtained thus, XII o'clock; and so, by means of an imaginary clock dial, to refer every phenomenon he might observe on the sun's or moon's edge to this sort of horary and natural micrometer. From a study of Mr. Warren de la Rue's magnificent photographs, it has been found that Mr. Bartlett, in his naked-eye sketch, delineated the forms and assigned the positions of three of the rose-coloured protuberances with a degree of accuracy rivaling that to be obtained by telescopic observation. A detached rose-coloured prominence is also among the phenomena thus accurately drawn. From this we may gather how very much good service may be done by a good eye, properly directed and assisted by the natural micrometer before alluded to. One of the ruby-coloured prominences shown in the photograph taken by Mr. De la Rue would appear to have been better seen by Mr. Pritchard, who suggests that, as in colour it was farther removed from the lavender end of the spectrum, the actinic force of the light on the sensitive plate was less in amount and in result.

Mr. Pritchard then proceeded to refer to the singularly-interesting direction which the speculations regarding the constitution of the sun's photosphere and its other envelopes must now of necessity take in connection with the recent spectrum discoveries.

Fraunhofer's lines are said by Kirchhoff, and more recently by Professor Tyndall, to be explicable alone on the hypothesis of a solid or liquid photosphere, surrounded by an atmosphere containing the vapour of sodium, iron, lithium, and other metals.

The question then arises, what do astronomers actually observe with their best telescopes? Mr. Pritchard, in answering this question, referred to the knowledge gained from the recent total eclipse, and to the most modern and reliable observations of what is called a "solar spot."

This part of the discourse was illustrated by a marvellous drawing and ideal sections of the spot visible on the sun's disc in the latter part of May. The drawing especially was on such a scale, and so crowded with minute detail, as to appear almost like a creation of the imagination. Mr. Pritchard stated, however, that the glass he had used was an exceedingly trustworthy one made by Messrs.



Cooke and Sons, of York, and both he and Mr. De la Rue bore testimony to its admirable qualities, and to the accuracy of the drawing, the result of observation, by turns, with a Dawes and diagonal sun-eye-piece, which, as was observed, "help each other."

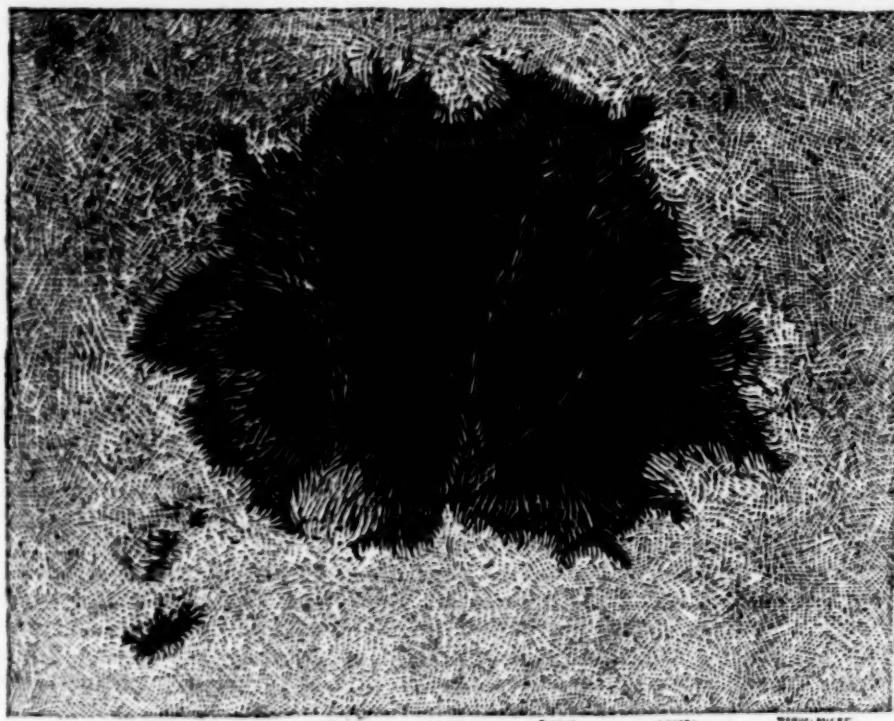
The solar spot then properly observed discloses to us, we believe—1. The solar photosphere; 2. A cloudy stratum or atmosphere below it; 3. Either a darker stratum, or the body of the sun itself, according to Dawes and others.

Kirchhoff and his scholars require, as before stated, the photosphere to be either a solid or a liquid in an incandescent state, with an atmosphere containing sodium, lithium, iron, &c., in vapour.

The periodic breaking up of its matter by some action like that of a tornado rending it asunder into holes of great and unknown depths, and of a magnitude in many cases more than sufficient to admit our earth, and the inconceivable rapidity of the "regulation" of these terrific rents, are facts hard to reconcile with the idea of the solidity of the photosphere.

Again, if it be an incandescent fluid mass alone, it would not be possible to see into its interior, but this we do, or at all events appear to do.

This question, Mr. Pritchard went on to observe, has become either more soluble, or interesting, or both, by the recent discovery by Mr. Nasmyth of certain masses, which he asserts constitute the whole surface of the sun's photosphere, an observation verified by Mr. Pritchard and Mr. De la Rue, at the observatory of the former.



"Willow-leaf" appearance of the Sun and Solar Spot observed June 20, 1860, by Mr. Nasmyth.

"These 'willow leaves,' as they have been termed, are more plainly observable in the striae or outriders, which interlace the spots themselves; and as the smallest object of appreciable form seen by the human eye, aided by all the power of our present telescopes, is considerably larger than the British Isles, they must be of immense magnitude.

If, then, we imagine these huge bodies to be incandescent and immersed in a fluid transparent photosphere, they may account both for the sun's brilliancy of light and its continuous spectrum (just as particles of charcoal incandescent in a lamp give a continuous spectrum); and may not the removal of the willow leaves, urged in a vortex away from a particular region, reveal to us the cloudy stratum below, thus giving the appearance of a solar spot?

Or may we suppose the photosphere to partake of the nature of flame, and that these willow leaves, immense as they are, are the tips of the flames protruding from the general surface?

Or, again, is it possible that the rose-coloured protuberances observed so abundantly in the eclipse, indicate lithium, or strontium, or both, in the external envelope?

These are questions which, to say the least, are suggestive to the astronomical observer; and it was this suggestiveness which formed the main intention of the lecture.

Mr. Pritchard afterwards, by means of the lime-light, exhibited what he considers to be an accurate picture of the late solar eclipse. The corona itself and its appendages are the result of many observers and observations made with the aid of the "natural micrometer" by Mr. Pritchard and his party. The rose-coloured protuberances were copied, by Mr. De la Rue's permission, from his own magnificent photographs taken by the Kew photeliograph near Miranda.

The drawing of these phenomena was a work of great beauty, showing in a wonderful manner the corona in all its colours and magnificence, and those remarkable appearances which were noticed stretching far beyond the limits of the corona itself. Before the insertion of the prominences, no less an authority than Mr. De la Rue declared that it did not need their insertion to make it complete, as it was quite a full and valuable record of the phenomenon, and should stand alone on its own peculiar and great merits, as it was by far the best representation of the corona he had seen.

Mr. Pritchard also exhibited the absorption of the sodium spectrum, by means of a candle surrounded with sodium vapours, and placed in front of a bright soda flame. The natural pale yellow envelope of the candle became absolutely black.

Mr. Alexander Herschel also exhibited two hydrogen flames, each containing sodium, the one beyond the other. The front flame became at its edge intensely black, and yet the two hydro-sodium flames were of equal intensity,—a variation of the experiment not dwelt on by Kirchhoff.

At the conclusion of Mr. Pritchard's remarks, which were listened to throughout with the most wrapt attention, the President announced that the session was ended, and that the next meeting would take place in November.

After the ballot, at which J. H. Dallmeyer, Esq., W. J. Rideout, Esq., Wm. Penn, Esq., J. G. Perry, Esq., and S. H. Winter, Esq., were elected fellows, the proceedings terminated.

We add an abstract of Dr. A. Waller's views on the Nutrition and Reparation of Nerves, as given by Dr. Bond in his absence, at the Royal Institution, which we were obliged to omit last week for want of space. The speaker commenced by stating that the subject of the lecture was not only of great interest to the physiologist, as providing him with a means of studying the distribution and functions of various portions of the nervous system, of which, till lately, hardly anything had been

known, but it was also of great practical importance, especially just now, when medical science was seeking in every way to avail itself of the conservative powers of the body in the treatment of disease, as, by learning the conditions under which the nutrition of nerves is maintained in health, and their repair effected when injured or diseased, we may hope to obtain for the nervous system results analogous to those which had recently been derived from a study of the reproductive powers of bone.

After sketching the general relations of the nervous system, and pointing out that all its portions, however complex their functions, were composed only of two elements, fibres and cells, the minute structure of which was described:—

"The fibres of which nerves are composed, and which are so minute as to be only discernable by the microscope, are of two kinds, white and grey. The former consist of a thin tubular membrane, filled with a white transparent substance called the medulla, through the centre of

Fig. I.



a, b, c. White nerve fibres; d, grey ditto. The axis cylinder is seen in c; the usual appearance of the fibre, when seen under the microscope, is shown in b, where the axis cylinder is invisible.

Fig. II.



a. Bipolar nerve cell; b, multipolar ditto; the poles in each case consisting of nerve fibres which are attached to the cells.

which runs a delicate filament, the axis cylinder. The grey fibre differs from the white in being destitute of the medulla. This structure was illustrated by the comparison of a stearine candle inserted in a thin and tightly-fitting glass tube; where the glass tube represents the investing membrane of the fibre, the wick the axis cylinder, and the stearine the medullary substance. Each fibre runs uninterruptedly through the whole course of the nerve-trunk in which it is contained, from the centre in which the nerve originates to the part in which it is distributed; so that a common nerve consists of a bundle of these minute fibres. The nerve-cells were attached to the fibres; and according as they had one, two, or more fibres (poles) connected with them, were called uni-, bi-, or multi-polar. These cells formed a large proportion of the brain, and of certain swellings found on the course of many of the nerves, called ganglia."

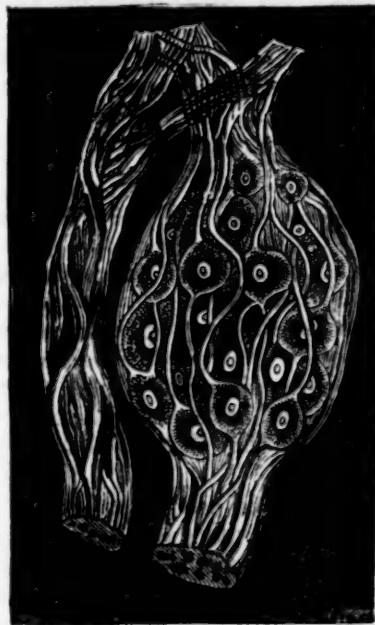


Fig. III.

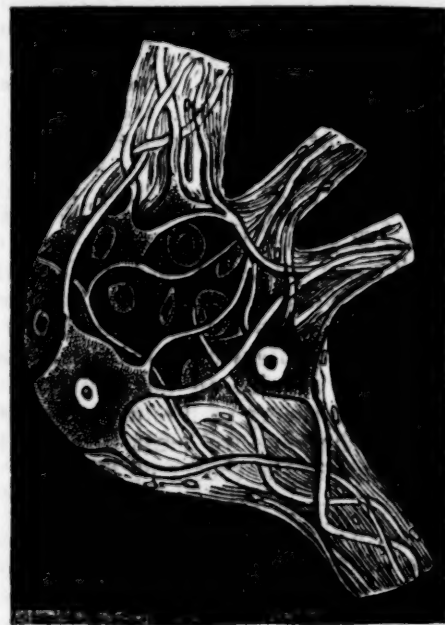


Fig. IV.

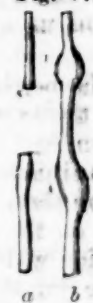
Exhibit respectively ganglia, consisting of bipolar and multipolar nerve-cells; the former from a spinal nerve, the latter from the sympathetic. It will be seen that the fibres of the nerves as they pass through the ganglia are connected with the cells.

In order to ascertain how the nutrition of nerves is maintained, and their repair effected, it is necessary to study the changes which take place when a nerve is divided. It had long been known that nerves when divided re-united in time, and that new fibres were developed at the point of union, but no one

had thought of investigating what occurred in the lower end of the divided nerve till Dr. Waller took the subject up. His researches had shown that when a nerve was divided all the fibres in its lower end became disorganized; the white medullary substance gradually broke up into granules of various sizes, and was finally removed from the interior of the tube and

Fig. VI.

Fig. V.



Shows the way in which the ends of a divided nerve, a, become re-united, and the continuity of the nerve is restored.



Represents the stages of disorganization through which the fibres in the lower end of a divided nerve pass; a, the white substance broken up into large masses; b, these masses become smaller, and darkened; c, this change proceeds still further, until, d, the nerve tube contains only a number of fine granules, and a few large globules of oil.

replaced by fresh material. This disintegration of the white substance was always accompanied by loss of function in the nerve (paralysis), but when the structure of the fibres was restored the functions of the nerve were regained. So that when a nerve was paralysed by accident or disease, before it could re-acquire its power of transmitting sensations, or motor impulses, it was not enough that its two ends should be soldered together, like the two ends of a broken telegraph wire, as had been generally supposed; it was necessary that all the fibres in its lower end should be disorganized and reconstructed. Hence the importance of our knowing the conditions under which these changes can be accelerated or retarded, so that we may be able to facilitate the regeneration of injured nerves.

Some of these were alluded to, and the essential character of the white substance of the nerve-fibres was pointed out, both in the activity with which it undergoes changes of nutrition, and the probability that on that account it is the medium by which the functions of the fibres are carried on, and the source of their power. It was compared to the exciting fluid in a voltaic cell, and the axis-cylinder and investing membrane to the metallic poles: a comparison that adds another to the analogies which have been previously shown to exist between the nervous and electrical influences.

Some of the results were then briefly mentioned which had been obtained by



their author from an application of these researches. They had enabled him to trace the distribution of various important nerves; for if a nerve received two sets of fibres from different sources, by producing disorganization in one of these, at their origin, we could trace them easily through all the ramifications of the compound nerve; just as we could trace a blood-vessel when we injected it with a coloured fluid. In the hands of himself and others, too, they had led to the discovery of facts upon which nearly all our knowledge of the means by which the circulation of the blood in the heart and vessels is regulated, rested. They had also thrown great light upon the functions of nerve-cells. Much doubt had existed as to the functions which these cells performed. They had generally been considered as the generators of the nervous force which the fibres conveyed. His researches on the spinal nerves had shown that the ganglionic swellings which were found on one of the roots (posterior) of each of those nerves, and which consisted of nerve-cells, exercised a powerful influence on the nutrition of the fibres of the nerves connected with them; and that when the fibres attached to the

Fig. VII.



The roots of a spinal nerve; a, anterior root, consisting of motor fibres, and unconnected with the ganglion; b, posterior root, through which the fibres of b, the posterior root, pass; both roots arise from d, the spinal cord, and unite to form the compound nerve, c.

Fig. VIII.



Shows the effects of injury of the roots of the spinal nerves: a, separation of posterior root from ganglion, and its disorganization; b, separation of nerve-trunk from both its roots, and its disorganization; c, destruction of ganglion, and consequent disorganization of posterior root and sensory fibres of nerve-trunk. In neither case is the anterior root affected. The darkened parts indicate those which are disorganized, and the lines the points of separation.

ganglia were divided, they became entirely disorganized. A spinal nerve arises by two roots from the spinal cord; one of these (anterior) contains fibres which only transmit impulses from the cord to the muscles, the other (posterior) is made up of fibres which only convey sensations from the different parts of the body to the cord and brain. The sensory fibres alone pass through the ganglion,

and are connected with its cells; the motor ones proceeding direct from the cord to the muscles. Dr. Waller had found that when the posterior root was separated from its ganglion it lost its vitality and became disorganized, though its connection with the spinal cord was still maintained, whence he concluded that the ganglion is the real nutritive centre of the sensory fibres of a spinal nerve, and that it maintains and regulates their vitality. On the other hand the anterior root never becomes disorganized unless separated from the spinal cord, which is, therefore, its centre of nutrition and vitality. Now, as the ganglion is composed of cells it is clear that these cells are centres of nutritive power for the fibres which are connected with them, just as the fountain is to the rivulet which trickles from it.

Another result growing out of these researches was the interesting discovery lately made by two French physiologists that divided nerves might be repaired and restored to their normal structure, not only when retained in their natural position, but even when removed from it and transplanted to another part of the body. This fact shewed that the restorative powers of nerve-tissue were far greater than was generally supposed.

In the course of the lecture, mention was made of an interesting discovery which Dr. Waller had quite recently made in pursuing his investigations on this subject, viz., that by exercising pressure on the nerve which supplies the heart, lungs, and stomach (*vagus*) in a part of its course in the neck, most powerful effects could be produced on those organs; and, amongst others, more or less complete insensibility. He was still pursuing his researches on the subject, but what he had already found had convinced him that these results were not only of great importance as supplying a means of producing insensibility which might in some cases be used instead of chloroform, but that they might also be applied as a method of examining the condition of various parts of the system, both in health and disease.

At the last meeting of the Chemical Society, Dr. Hoffmann, President, in the chair, Mr. A. W. Lennox read a paper on "Bromide of Carbon." Dr. Daubeny read a paper on "The power ascribed to the roots of plants of rejecting poisons or other abnormal substances presented to them." The author inferred from the experiments of himself and others, that this ascribed power really existed, and that poisons were not taken up by the living roots of plants; although, when the vitality of the roots was destroyed by the action of a poison, some portion of it might enter the plant by physical imbibition. His own experiments were made principally with barium and strontium salts, and with white arsenic.

A general meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society was held on Saturday last, the Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, V.P., in the chair. J. M. Kay, Esq., and J. G. Frith, Esq., R.A., were elected Resident Members.

A discourse was given by Dr. J. Forbes Watson, Reporter on the products of India, on the engrossing subject of "Cotton from India and our prospects of future supplies from thence."

The discourse pointed out the total quantities of cotton and other textile fibres exported by different producing, and imported by the various consuming countries in the world; and, amongst other things, showed how dependent on America England has hitherto been for her supply of cotton. The superior productive capabilities of India were then touched upon and illustrated by reference to the surprising rapidity with which she has increased her exports of jute and some other products. The demand for these articles was brought to the door of the native producer, supply quickly followed, and the lecturer asserted that if the same were done with respect to cotton a similar result would accrue, pointing out, that although India exports far less cotton than America, she probably grows thrice as much for her own use, and would supply our wants also, as soon as the pocket of the native producer has been made to realize that we are prepared to pay a better price for it.

The quality of Indian cotton was then dwelt upon, and the fact illustrated that it is inferior chiefly from causes within human control.

The benefits certain to arise from the facilities for cleaning native cotton, afforded by Dr. Forbes's roller-churke, and the advisability of the rapid introduction of these, and of the establishment of depôts for the ginning and baling of cotton, were strongly enforced. The difficulties arising from the at present imperfect means of transit were then alluded to, but it was stated that the Government was doing all it could to meet the present emergency.

C. A. Brice, Esq., General Cotton, F. Fincham, Esq., General Briggs, R. W. Crawford, Esq., and J. B. Smith, Esq., joined in a discussion as to the paramount necessity of speedily improving the means of communication in India, not only

by railroads and by water, but even more especially by cross roads to serve as feeders to the former.

The desirableness of a careful and judicious introduction of European ownership of land, as well as of British capital, energy, and knowledge, together with a better system of administering justice, so as to afford to all an efficient protection of person and property, were also touched upon.

In the discussion, doubts were expressed by one speaker as to the possibility, under present circumstances, of India supplying the deficiency anticipated in the production of cotton by America.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SOLAR CHEMISTRY AND SOLAR SPOTS.

To the Editor of the "London Review."

SIR,—For years past philosophers have been studying the solar spots and speculating on the condition of the sun. Some have said it was a hot body and some that it was cold. Some have regarded the spots as prominences, some as cavities, others as gigantic whirlwinds, although nobody has ever seen them rotate. Now, Kirchhoff's spectrum discovery of the presence of volatilized metals in the photosphere of the sun suggests reasonable ideas, and is the basis of legitimate speculations. Our speculations may be wrong at first; but, at any rate, we have something substantial to build upon; a something definite to bring our theories into harmony with and test them by. If we have volatilized metals in the sun's photosphere, why should we not have liquid metal beneath? And if liquid metal, why should it not oxydize into solid scum at places which, collecting together, would form gigantic masses, presenting to us a more or less non-luminous space. We see in mercury or in lead, in a molten state, such oxydation, and particles of the pellicle of scum gathering together into little bergs. We see in iron a crust form on the outside, which, when broken through, presents the molten metal underneath. Now, if by the volatilization and incandescence of material substances the light of the sun is produced, there must be combination and change going on. If the metals, for example, are volatilized, in their incandescence they must combine with some other substance—say oxygen. Combined with oxygen, they would form solid oxides, which must be precipitated back upon the sun—neither the volatilized metals nor the precipitates could be driven off into space on account of the superior attraction of that luminary; and, falling in upon itself, one would expect the intense external heat of its nucleus to drive off again the oxygen and revitalize the metallic bases, and so by natural laws a constant and natural revolution of changes from the centre to the exterior of the sun would be kept up, and by the continuous alterations of combination and reduction the permanency of our glorious centre of light be maintained indestructible and enduring. I throw out the suggestion to draw the attention of higher philosophers than myself to this question, which opens wide fields for the explorations of science, and in which even humble labourers may work with a good hope of gaining laurels.—Faithfully yours,

June 18, 1861.

A.

## STRUCTURE AND PHENOMENA OF SOLAR SPOTS.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—There are two or three points in the letter of Mr. Allardyce on which I am desirous of offering a few remarks. First, in reference to the whirlpool action, now so generally spoken of as characterising the solar spots. As one of the three observers who have noticed some approximation to this action, perhaps I may be allowed to express my conviction, founded on a careful series of observations on the physical characteristics of the spots, continued more or less over a period of two years and a half, that nothing approaching to a complete rotation has ever been observed. Mr. Dawes, the observer quoted by Mr. Allardyce, noticed, in 1852, a change of position which indicated a movement in the nature of rotation, through  $120^\circ$  in six days, Father Secchi  $70^\circ$  in one day, and I observed a movement of the same kind, in February and March, 1859, equalling  $45^\circ$  in three days. These were the only three instances on record, that I am aware of, until I communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society, in March last, a series of observations on a fine spot, with a double nucleus, which exhibited a motion of a similar character through  $56^\circ$  in four days. The motion, in the last instance, was, however, not continued; when the secondary nucleus had ceased to move—having, while in motion, produced, after the manner of rotation, a movement of the principal nucleus—the rotation stopped, from which I was led to conclude that, in this instance at least, it was merely an apparent rotation, produced by an independent movement of the smaller nucleus; and my general impression is, that rotatory movement in the solar spots is very rare, and that astronomers are not yet in a position fully to decide upon its existence, as a general feature, in solar physics.

Mr. Faraday stated, in his lecture on the solar eclipse of July 18, 1860, that a spot, represented in a drawing which he exhibited, had been "observed and taken during seven or eight days, in which time it had been going on revolving on its own axis, and not going with the sun itself." I am not aware of any published account of such a spot. The above passage occurs in the report of Faraday's lecture, at the Royal Institution, inserted in the *Chemical News* of June 1, 1861.

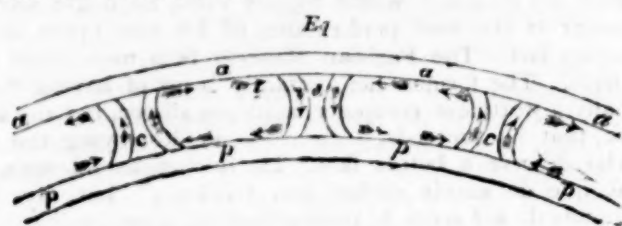
Second. In reference to the continuous upward and outward motion of the draught of vapour from below the photosphere, see the letter of Mr. Allardyce. Observation indicates three motions as connected with the photosphere—the drift of the spots themselves, whatever they may be—the upward motion as spoken of by Mr. Allardyce—and a downward motion, as mentioned by M. Chacornac. Of the drift there appears to be no doubt; there is scarcely an instance to be found on record of any spot retaining its heliographic position—both latitudes and longitudes continually change. Of the upward motion abundant evidence is gathering. Total solar eclipses are continually adding to our store of knowledge on this head. The detached luminous masses, so well observed and photographed by Mr. De la Rue, and the prominences generally noticed on such occasions, indicate, almost beyond a doubt, that portions of the photosphere are pushed up by a force exerted from below, and raised considerably above its general surface. M. Chacornac has recorded appearances of luminous bridges crossing spots, becoming dark, and plunging into the deeper portions of the spots; he has seen the photosphere to dip in gradually, the spots to descend below the level of the luminous covering, and plunge without breach of continuity into the very deepest parts of their nuclei, and this action he describes as being similar to the plunging downward of a mass of snow resting on a sheet of ice, were that ice melted by a hot liquid applied below.

Mr. Carrington has announced in the following words the conclusion to which his observations have led him:—

"The matter which forms the photosphere, and which, undoubtedly, floats suspended in the sun's atmosphere, with as definite a lower surface as the upper visible one, appears by my



observations to flow slowly towards the poles in each hemisphere, from the latitude of about 15 degrees, this polar westerly drift becoming more and more westerly, till at 50 degrees or 60 degrees the polar tendency is insensible. An accumulation must result, and as certainly find its vent. I conceive that this is probably effected by subsidence (any more definite expression might merely provoke objection) into the second stratum, the surface of which we see as the penumbra of spots, and that as part of the second stratum, similarly floating above the sun's body in its atmosphere, and at its own lower level, the matter thus transferred passes again towards the Equator, acquiring as it approaches it the velocity of rotation lost in its passage towards the pole in the upper stratum. On its arrival, or on the arrival of an equivalent portion of the lower stratum at the latitude of about 15 degrees, I conceive that a corresponding ascent takes place into the upper surface, the motion being still towards the Equator, and in longitude again suffering retardation by the general cause (whatever for the moment that may be), which causes the marked retrogradation of the higher latitudes. At the Equator, I conceive that a second subsidence of the upper stratum into the lower takes place, and that the motion of the lower stratum is towards the pole, from the neighbourhood of the Equator to about 15 degrees of latitude, where an ascent again takes place, to supply the loss of the upper current consequent on the polar drift we set out with."



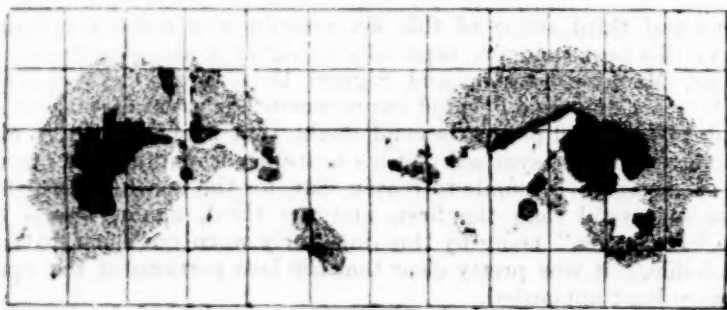
a, a, a. The Photosphere.  
p, p, p. The Penumbral Stratum.  
Eq. The Sun's Equator.  
c, c. Ascending Currents.  
d. Descending Currents at the Equator.

The annexed figure will indicate the directions of Mr. Carrington's solar currents, the above view of which he states as having thrown out as a speculation for discussion.

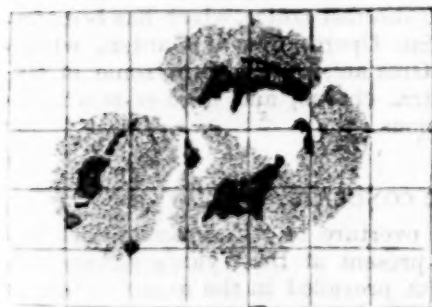
My own observations up to the present time bear mostly on the upward movement, i.e., this movement has arrested my attention more so than the downward one. According to Mr. Carrington's suggestion we should expect to find evidence of the upward movement in about 15° of latitude, and of the downward near the Equator, and also on the outer limits of the two great zones, in which spots appear both north and south. I am not aware that the physical characteristics of an ascending or descending spot have been sufficiently determined so as readily to recognize to which class any given spot may belong. It has frequently been noticed that before large spots break out faculae are numerous in the same locality; they are, so to speak, harbingers of the darker spots, and Dawes has proved them to be what they appear, ridges in the photosphere. He records an observation in which he saw a facula project above the limb and turn over into the other hemisphere. Any force acting from below, previous to perforating the photosphere, would push it up and raise it above its level in the immediate neighbourhood in which the force was exerted, so that the photosphere, being of a yielding nature, would exhibit evidences of disturbance by being thrown into a more or less agitated state, giving rise to the appearances of the faculae.

Sir William Herschel has spoken of the photosphere consisting of a double stratum of clouds, the upper white and intensely luminous, producing, as above suggested, by agitation and superposition the faculae; the lower stratum being grey, but little depressed below the upper, and passing into the condition of penumbrae most probably when by agitation from below the upper stratum is in a measure removed. More frequently than rarely the penumbrae of large spots exhibit an appearance as if both these strata were intermixed, numerous light patches occurring here and there in the darker penumbral tint, sometimes giving it a mottled, sometimes a striated appearance, and often the material of the photosphere overlaps in the shape of bars and bridges, the dark nuclei very rarely indeed appearing as small detached masses. Occasionally the material of the penumbrae has been observed as if drawn into streams by the motion of the nuclei. I have not yet been able to ascertain if such an appearance precedes the disappearance of a spot, but I am very much inclined to think it does.

It is a matter of constant observation that the disposition of penumbrae with regard to nuclei is exceedingly irregular, not at all approaching the regularity indicated by the diagram of Mr. Allardye. A glance at the sketch (on the same page) of the spot of May 23, will illustrate this; the penumbra is unequally disposed with regard to the nuclei. In very few instances indeed do the penumbrae equally surround the nuclei. In the sketch on p. 638 some of the nuclei occur on the very edge of the penumbra. This irregularity of disposition appears to arise (so far as I have yet considered the subject) from an oblique action of the disturbing force from below. The accompanying sketches place this irregularity of arrangement



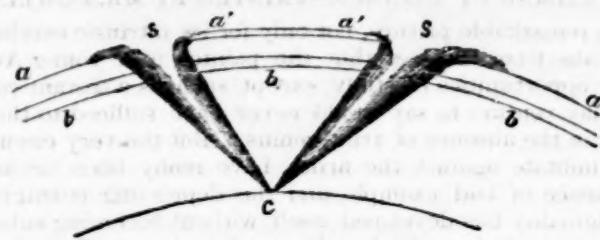
The Second Solar Spot visible to the unassisted eye in 1861, as it appeared on May 27, between 10 in the forenoon and 1 in the afternoon, by telescopic aid, exhibiting the action of a force below the Photosphere, exerted in oblique directions.



A group of Spots formed between May 29, 2 p.m., and May 30, 10 a.m., 1861, exhibiting an arrangement of nuclei around a central undisturbed space.

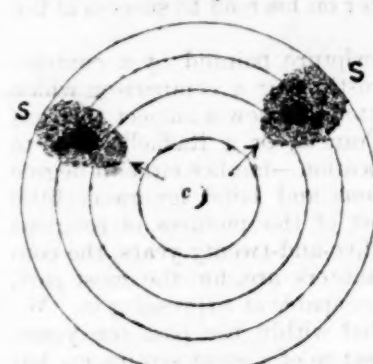
If a force act outwardly in an oblique direction, it will have a tendency to disturb the strata above the centre of action, and to displace to a greater extent those portions forming the exterior zones surrounding the point immediately over such centres. The two figures—one in plan, the other in section—will illustrate

this and show how an oblique force will occasion the greatest extent of penumbra to be seen on the opposite side to that on which the force acts. It is not at all



c. The Origin of Force acting obliquely in the lines c-a, s.  
h, b, b. The under Surface of the Planetary Clouds of Sir W. Herschel.  
a, a. The upper Surface of the Luminous Clouds forming the exterior of the Photosphere.  
a', a'. The Surface between two spots produced by the same outbreak, raised by an accumulation of the luminous material between them.  
s, s. The two Spots breaking through the two Strata of Sir W. Herschel, showing the greatest Penumbra on the farthest side.

unlikely that the immense variation which solar spots undergo in form, may render it extremely difficult to follow out this suggestion consecutively in any one



c. Point of Photosphere over the origin of force c, in previous diagram.  
s, s. Spots corresponding with the disturbed strata at s, s, in previous diagram.  
The arrows indicate the upward direction of the force from below.

group of spots. At present we are entirely ignorant of the nature of the spot-producing force; the directions in which it acts may be as variable as the forms of the spots themselves; in fact, the variations of form may depend on variations in the directions of the acting force. Sir W. Herschel, in his paper on the nature of the sun, speaks of the elastic gas which he supposed produced the spots, spreading more on one side than on the other of the opening, and thus hints at the existence of a force acting in an oblique direction.

I now come to the third particular, the joining of the penumbra to the photosphere, which I apprehend to be the principal object of the letter of Mr. Allardye to call attention to. M. Chacornac considers that all the envelopes perceived by astronomers through the openings of the photosphere, may be regarded as parts of the photosphere. The earlier suggestion by Wilson that the dark body of the sun is seen through a funnel-shaped excavation in a luminous atmosphere, the penumbra being formed by the shelving sides of the funnel or excavation, would agree with the penumbra not only joining but forming part of the photosphere. The modified view of Sir William Herschel places the penumbra, properly so called, below the photosphere, while his explanation of the mottled ground of the sun would countenance the idea that the penumbra is produced by the removal of the outer surface of the photosphere, which is heaped up in the form of faculae, the stratum of grey clouds being left uncovered, and passing into the penumbra. Whether there be only a stratum composed of the two kinds of clouds, the white and grey, of Sir William Herschel, forming the photosphere, or an upper and lower stratum, the lower forming the penumbra, in either case, if the depth between the two be not very considerable, the exertion of a force from below both will tend greatly to intermingle them. So far as my own observations extend, the instances of apparent intermingling of lucid portions of the photosphere with the penumbra, the light of which is not greatly below the intensity of the photosphere itself, are much more numerous than instances in which the penumbra and photosphere are perfectly distinct; thus indicating that the penumbrae are not far removed from the surface of the photosphere, unless the luminous patches observed float over, and are at some distance above the penumbra; this will not, however, apply to instances somewhat rare, in which the material, both of photosphere and penumbra, are drawn into streaks by the motion of the nuclei, indicating an intimate mixture of the grey and luminous clouds of Sir W. Herschel.

Solar Spot observed 1860, Nov. 3, 9.30 A.M., exhibiting the Stream within the Penumbra produced by the independent motion of the secondary Nucleus.

In the above remarks I have endeavoured to glance at all the information, so far as I am aware, that we possess on the subject of the penumbra of solar spots, and to present as connected a resumé of our knowledge on this head as possible, including such views as my own observations may have conducted me to.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

June 11, 1861.

Y. Z.

P.S.—A spot has appeared, near the eastern limb, not very far removed from the place of the large spot of April 18, and possessing the characteristics which that spot exhibited during its last apparition. Although much smaller it is distinguished by a double nucleus, so that the main feature that was then manifested has been preserved. Should this be the same spot, of which there is but little doubt, it being due on the 10th of June, this is its fourth observed apparition. There is now very little action manifested on the solar hemisphere turned towards the earth.

RUNIC STAVES AND STONES.—In Mr. Thomas Smith's learned work on "Arminius," or "Herman," the hero of Germany, there are the following observations upon those great puzzles to antiquarians, the Runic staves and monuments:—"Runstaba, Runic staves are pieces of wood on which Runic characters are painted or engraved. They appear to have many objects, but their most ordinary uses were as charms and almanacs; nor is the latter application of the Runstab altogether obsolete to the present day in the rural districts of Sweden. Numerous examples of ancient Runstaba have been preserved; but in none of any antiquity is it possible, notwithstanding their connection with time-reckoning, to specify the date with any accuracy. The monumental stones have the same deficiency, though in one of the most ancient, that on the rock of Runano, in Blekin, the date has been ascertained from internal evidence. This stone is spoken of by Saxo, who relates that King Waldemar, in 1170, sent learned men to examine it. At last, in 1834, Professor Magnusen, after a ten years' study, read it from right to left, instead of from left to right, and the mystery immediately vanished. It is found to relate to King Harold Hildekind, and from the event it commemorates, to be of the date A.D. 770, or thereabouts. Runic staves among the Franks are spoken of in the sixth century by Venantius Fortunatus, as barbarian in their nature—

"Barbara fraxineis pingitur Runa tabellis."

Lib. VIII., carm. xviii.



## FINE ARTS.

## THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.—PAINTED BY MR. DOWLING.

THIS is a very remarkable picture, not only for its intrinsic excellence, which is truly great, but also from the fact that the painter is a young Australian, who has enjoyed few opportunities of study, except such as a distant colony afforded, and which we may venture to say would never have sufficed to the development of a good artist in the absence of true genius. But the very circumstances that would seem to militate against the artist, have really been favourable to him. Out of the influence of bad example, and the depressing contagion of conventionality, his originality has developed itself without becoming subservient to the pedantry or the craft of the schools. In no department of art is originality so imperatively demanded, as in the painting of religious subjects; hence the difficulties of the artist who devotes himself to this class are greater than in those of every other, while his chances of success are fewer. He has to contend with a host of painters who possessed the highest order of genius, united to a profound Christian faith and refined devotional feeling, a faith and a devotion which have become greatly weakened and deteriorated under the increasing material tendencies and development of later times. And these are not among the least of the difficulties that the religious painter has to encounter on his road to success at the present day.

In contemplating any picture illustrative of Scripture painted by a contemporary artist, it is scarcely possible to avoid instituting a comparison which becomes unfavourable to the living painter. To attempt anew a subject that has been already represented by a Fra Angelico, a Francia, or a Raffaello—not to mention a host of others no less devout in their vocation—implies either a degree of boldness approaching temerity, or a contemptuous and blind ignorance little less than profanity. From the character of most of the pictures of religious subjects presented to our notice during the past five-and-twenty years, the conviction has been forced upon us that modern painters are, for the most part, utterly deficient in devotional feeling, or, at least, incapable of expressing it. We could name many attempts of this class exhibited within the past ten years, which were not only offensive from the entire absence of devout sentiment, but actually revolting from their coarseness and vulgarity. Of this class, one of the most shocking examples was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1853—"The Confession of St. Thomas"—which displayed not only an utter incapacity even for the comprehension of the subject, but an entire absence of reverence, almost inconceivable in an age when religious decorum is so much insisted upon. We might multiply examples, but it would be utterly impossible to instance one more flagrant than this "Confession of St. Thomas." It consisted of a number of heads, very vulgar and commonplace, grouped together, but not one of which exhibited a particle of sanctity; the artist's conception of the features of Christ was actually repulsive from its coarseness, and excited horror in the mind of every Christian person.

Devout feeling being confessedly so rare among modern artists, it becomes an imperative duty, no less than a high gratification, to recognize it where it presents itself. We had not anticipated finding this rare quality in Mr. Dowling's picture, consequently our pleasure equalled our surprise upon encountering it. The "Raising of Lazarus" is obviously a difficult subject for the painter to undertake, in the face of the many pictures having the same incident for their subject painted by the greatest masters. Besides, an ordinary painter would hardly fail making it repulsive, as even some great painters have already done. But we shall endeavour to show that Mr. Dowling's genius has enabled him to avoid this error, and to treat the subject in a manner that displays a judgment no less sound than refined.

The scene is represented as taking place in an Oriental cemetery, interspersed with the customary cypress trees, which, occupying the background of the picture, cut by their vertical lines the horizontal lines of a sombre twilight sky. Nearly in the centre of the group occupying the foreground stands the Saviour, with uplifted arm, in the act of pronouncing the words, "Lazarus, come forth." This figure of Christ is admirably conceived; calm and dignified, the face is youthful, yet majestic, expressive of conscious power, radiant with a serene joy at the happiness the miracle he is performing will confer on the beloved sister. Kneeling at his feet, and clinging to his side, is Mary, with face wonderfully expressive of mingled grief and joy, but in which surprise has no place, for her confidence in the Saviour's power has prepared her mind for the miracle. Immediately behind this central group stands Martha, in attitude betokening surprise, the consequence of a less abiding faith than that of Mary. Grouped around, in various expressive attitudes, and with faces betokening various degrees of curiosity and wonder, are the disciples and many Jews. Their eyes are all turned in one direction, and those of the spectator instinctively follow them—to Lazarus, whose figure, just rising up in the grave and partly concealed in it, is conspicuous yet not obtrusive. The artist has judiciously omitted every suggestion of the charnel-house. This figure occupies but the lower corner of the picture, yet so skilful is the composition, and so clever the grouping of the whole, that the eye is at once directed to the *motif* of the scene, and we feel satisfied that the incident is fully and adequately described.

The picture is full of action, yet judiciously subdued to the leading idea. There is one group of the Jews who have just lifted the stone which covered the tomb; another of the Jews "who came to Martha and to Mary to comfort them concerning their brother;" and again others, who "went their way to the Pharisees and told them what things Jesus had done." There is an infinite variety of character and expression in the faces composing the various groups evincing the most conscientious study on the part of the artist, for the faces are of the true Oriental type, and in strict keeping with the scene. The diversity displayed in the representation of these faces is truly admirable, so much so that selection is difficult; but we may point out for special admiration the face of the Jew immediately behind Lazarus, and in the tomb with him, which wears an aspect of the utmost terror and astonishment, yet is not exaggerated in its expression. Similar to this is the reclining figure of an Ethiopian, who seems to have fallen to the ground terror-struck. Over him stands a figure of a traveller, who, with staff and gourd, appears as if, in passing by, he had been drawn to the scene by curiosity. This figure is admirably conceived and drawn.

The execution of this picture is no less excellent than the conception and composition. There is marvellous vigour and strength in the handling, and the colouring is pure and harmonious. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no picture in the Royal Academy, or any other exhibition of the year, that will compare with it in excellence, from its displaying a combination of qualities of the highest order, and the more to be commended as the task of the artist was encompassed with difficulties of such a nature as to render even partial success a triumph of no common order.

It is easy to perceive that the artist has approached his subject with due reverence and love, and treated it with an independence of the trammels imposed by tradition that renders its originality so strongly marked. Such a result would scarcely be possible in an European artist, whose genius would be more or less

warped by the contemplation of previous works representing the same incident. The artist's conscientiousness and love of truth are evidenced in every touch, in every line; the spectator's admiration is undisturbed by any of those conventional tricks which not unfrequently mar our pleasure in the contemplation of works of rare excellence. We may say, without hesitation, that the picture is truly a masterly production, and in no respect unworthy of the sublime incident portrayed. It is exhibited at 28, Oxford-street.

## MUSIC.

## ITALIAN OPERA AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA."

"SAVE me from my friends," would Signor Verdi no doubt have exclaimed, had he been present at the first performance of his new opera at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday last. The Parisian *claqueur* is a mere child compared to his English *confrère*. The former can certainly boast of having "created" the reputation of many a worthless composer, actor, or singer, but the latter goes so clumsily to work, that he succeeds, à merveille, in destroying the fair name of many artists who deserve a better fate. La Rochefoucauld says, "C'est une grande habileté, que de savoir cacher son habileté;" but Mr. Mapleson or Mr. Lumley's friends do not seem to possess that supreme quality. Their palmy hands are never at rest. Every false note is applauded (the good ones pass of course unnoticed), every bad song is "encored," while a faulty shake or time-honoured "cadenza" is received with a long-drawn "Br-a-a-a-vo" proceeding from some conspicuous box, in which half a dozen enthusiastic ladies are seated, who appear to be most liberal in their demonstrations of approval and distributions of bouquets. Well-merited applause is at all times most gratifying to the feelings of an artist; but many a success is turned into a *fiasco* by these foolish proceedings, annoying to the impartial hearer, and puzzling to the non-connoisseurs, who thus abstain from any expression of opinion.

If "Un Ballo in Maschera" fails to draw good audiences, the managers of the Lyceum Theatre will have only themselves to thank for it. Although we are not prepared to say that Verdi's last opera is his "best," yet, judging from a single hearing, we believe it to be fully equal to "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore." In some respects it is decidedly superior to either—in orchestral effects, for instance, and dramatic combination. But the new opera is so full of reminiscences of "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata," that one almost fancies himself to be listening to the melodies of those popular operas.

Our readers are, no doubt, aware that the plot is identically the same as that of "Gustave ou le Bal Masqué," rendered famous by the illustrious Auber. The libretto has, however, undergone some curious transformations. In its present form Gustavus becomes Richard, Earl of Warwick; Ankestrom assumes the name of Renato (his friend and secretary), while the two chief conspirators exult in the name of Samuel and Tom. But what of that? The subject is full of dramatic interest, and well adapted for musical illustration. The opera is divided into four acts, the first of which constitutes the prologue. The curtain rises after a short but brilliant prelude, with a broad phrase for the stringed instruments. The prelude winds up with a kind of "fugue," which Signor Verdi has, however, the good sense to abandon as quickly as possible. The prologue offers little scope for comment, except a romanza for Renato (Signor Delle Sedie), who, we may state at once, proved himself to be an artist of the highest order. In the first act we noticed an effective trio sung by Riccardo (Signor Giuglini), Amelia (Mlle. Titiens), and Ulrica (Madame Lemaire), and a pretty tune for the tenor on the words, "E scherzo od è follia," strongly resembling the aria of "Rigoletto" in the second act, when the unhappy jester discovers the handkerchief of his daughter in the room of the profligate Duke. The opening scene and the finale are the best parts of the second act. Mlle. Titiens, in a scena and aria of much power, displayed her qualities as an actress and singer to the greatest advantage. The finale is likewise written with care and skill, but reminds one again too much of "La Traviata" and "Rigoletto." By far the best act of the opera is the third, the music being original, impassioned, and free from commonplace, while the dramatic interest is sustained throughout in a masterly manner. A beautiful aria, with violoncello obligato and accompaniment of the harp and flutes, was the "hit" of the evening. Nothing could be more tender and pathetic than Signor Delle Sedie's expression of the phrase:

"O Dolcezze perdute! O memorie  
D'un amplesso che mai non s'obblia,"

in which Renato gives vent to his grief, occasioned by the supposed infidelity of his wife.

The second and third scene of this act contain also some excellent pieces, written in Verdi's best manner, especially a highly dramatic quintet, sung by Mlle. Titiens, Madame Gassier, and Signori Delle Sedie, Gassier, and Patey. Altogether this act evinces a decided improvement, in point of instrumentation, on his former efforts, and proves beyond doubt that Signor Verdi is capable of enlisting the attention and sympathy of his hearers, without resorting to vulgarity as a means of success. It stands to reason that, for the non-initiated, the second act was less successful than the first, and the third, again, less so than the second, the "claqueurs" being by this time fairly worn out; but to those who knew the "dodge," it was pretty clear that the best portions of the opera were those that were least applauded.

We must close this notice, briefly stating that the opera is produced in the best possible manner, considering the limited means of the establishment. Singers, orchestra, and chorus, all exerted themselves to do justice to Signor Verdi's last production, although we may well doubt whether the manager has consulted his own interest in bringing out a new opera at the shortest notice, which has been for some time in preparation at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, where Signor Mario, Madame Didié, and Signor Graziani, will perform some of the principal parts, not to speak of the orchestra, chorus, and *mise-en-scène*, for which the Royal Italian Opera is so justly famous.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Not even the "Eroica" symphony, or the overture to "Coriolanus," by Beethoven, could prevent the people who were present at Dr. Wyld's last concert from feeling the effect of the intense heat that prevailed in the room. In spite of fans, cambric handkerchiefs, and fainting attitudes, we observed several ladies and gentlemen, who, not being able to uphold the weight of their drooping eyelids, gave way to a gentle nap. At first we imagined that their nods expressed their satisfaction for the delightful music provided for them, but the movement of the head was so regular and continuous in both directions, that their satisfaction turned out to be the expression of a calm and beneficial sleep, now and then cruelly disturbed by the plaudits of the rest of the audience, or the thundering strokes of the big drum. Herr Wieniawski, however, succeeded for a while in rousing the dormant enthusiasm of the "Sleepers Awakened;" but when Herr



Formes appeared to treat them to a song of Spohr, the audience returned to their drowsy state, and, we are half inclined to think, closed their ears as well as their eyes. This state of things lasted until Madame Lemmens-Sherrington began to sing the aria "Jours de mon Enfance," from "Le Pré aux Clercs," the violin obligato in which was played by Mr. Henry Blagrove. The "power of song" was so great, that when the same lady reappeared to sing her solo with chorus from Mozart's "Idomeneo," she found the unfortunate sufferers wide awake, of which lucky moment she shrewdly availed herself, to join Herr Wieniawski in another duet for voice and violin by Pacini and Artot, the grateful audience giving vent to their delight in the most unmistakable manner. The battle was now won. Mr. Barnett, a special favourite at the New Philharmonic concerts, supplied, at a short notice, the place of Miss Arabella Goddard (prevented by indisposition from playing a concerto by Weber), and substituted the same composer's Concert-stück, for which he was liberally applauded by the now lively listeners, who were just on the point of beginning to enjoy the concert, when the overture to the "Men of Prometheus" gave the signal of a general rising and subsequent departure, although a few votaries lingered behind to offer a tribute of thanks to Dr. Wylde, the energetic conductor and able director of these concerts.

#### MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.

A morning concert without ladies would be like a dining-room without pictures. Be the feast ever so choice, or the host ever so amiable and hospitable, the eye must have something to dwell upon, at least for those who are not content with looking on their plates, or nervously watching the manœuvres of the dishes. What, we ask, would become of our concerts in general without the assistance of the fair sex? They are the life and soul of our musical entertainments. No wonder the artist is often more proud of the patronage than of the talent he has engaged for his concert. Some go even so far as to announce all the lady patronesses, and not a single singer or player; but there are exceptions to the rule. Mrs. Anderson, for instance, not only has the honour of giving her concert under the special patronage and sanction of the "Queen;" but some of the best artists in town appear also at her annual concert, usually held in some large *locale*. This year it took place at St. James's Hall, which, on Monday last, presented a most brilliant appearance. In fact, the room looked like a large bed of flowers, the effect of which was enhanced by the rising height of the bonnets and the growing expanse of the crinoline. We wish we could give our fair readers a description of the *chef d'œuvres* of the *modiste*, but our province lies with the music, which, in our humble opinion, was only surpassed by the toilette. The reputation of Mrs. Anderson as a classical player of the first order is so firmly established, that it becomes useless to dilate upon her great merits. She appears, however, so seldom in public, that we are glad to have an opportunity of expressing our admiration for her beautiful playing of the first movement of Hummel's concerto in A minor, and a fantasia on national Swedish airs by Ferdinand Ries, in which pieces the accomplished pianiste proved that she still possesses those qualities which have raised her name so high in the opinion of the musical world. The other instrumental solo performer was Herr Strauss, who, in the "Otello" fantasia by Ernst, displayed many valuable accomplishments as a player, but whose style is not suited to the modern school of music. We regret to have no space to mention the names of all the celebrities that appeared on this occasion. Italy, Germany, France, England, and even America, sent their representatives, and vied with each other in the appropriation of the honours. An excellent orchestra, under the combined direction of Dr. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Cusins, executed the overture to "Egmont" and accompanied the other music, while the Orpheus Glee Union performed two part songs by Hatton and Cusins.

#### MR. HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

If music is the touchstone of the soul, then Beethoven was undoubtedly the noblest as well as the greatest of mortals. Every worldly and divine sentiment is reflected in his music. He is at once profound and playful, sad and joyous, passionate and tender, fierce and graceful, without ever exceeding the limits of the beautiful, or forsaking nature. That such a man should have lived a life of suffering and even want is humiliating both to art and humanity. Who that knows the meaning of music does not feel transported in listening to the beautiful inspirations unfolded to us, week after week, by Mr. Hallé, who may well feel proud at being the chosen prophet of these grand revelations. His musical monologues have now reached their zenith. The fifth recital was, to our mind, one of the most interesting and enjoyable of the series, not so much on account of the superiority of the music or its execution, as by the happy contrast of the sonatas. In Op. 49, "Deux sonates faciles," we have the innocence of the child; in Op. 31, No. 2 & 3, the thoughts of the man; and in the wonderful sonata, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, the strength of the giant. Mr. Hallé, though sympathising with the child, and appreciating the man, kept all his powers to fight with the giant. The difficulties in this work—almost a symphony—for the piano, are so enormous, that four hands and two pianofortes can hardly do justice to it, but Mr. Hallé achieved his triumph with more limited means. Loth to be trammelled in his arduous task he again discarded the book, which he had used at the beginning of the "séance," and trusted once more to his prodigious memory. The performance of this sonata created a deep impression, and proved to all present that Mr. Hallé is never in greater force than when the task is commensurate with his powers.

A word of praise is due to Miss Banks for her chaste singing of a song by Mr. Harold Thomas, "The Wind of the Western Sea." It is one of the prettiest songs we have heard of late, and is distinguished from ordinary ballads by its unaffected melody and thoughtful, suggestive accompaniment, performed with much taste by the composer himself.

#### M. SAINTON'S LAST CHAMBER CONCERT.

The object of these admirable concerts has been strictly carried out. Not only have the best works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn been performed during the series, with the utmost efficiency, but the compositions of more modern writers have also been brought to a hearing. At the last meeting a quartet by Robert Schumann, Op. 41, No. 3, offered the greatest interest, being a work of much originality and thought. The first and second movements especially are new in idea and treatment. The "Adagio molto," although somewhat laboured, bears marks of poetry; while the *finale*—resembling a Hungarian dance—is, in spite of its harsh and daring harmonies, highly characteristic and quaint.

We certainly prefer this quartet to the pianoforte trio by Marschner, the other novelty introduced in the programme. Here the melodies are, perhaps, natural and graceful, but the themes are neither new nor interesting, and spun out to such unreasonable length, that a feeling of weariness and monotony is the inevitable result, although the trio was magnificently performed by Messrs. Hallé,

Sainton, and Piatti. Beethoven's quartet, however, in E minor, No. 8, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, executed by Messrs. Sainton, Bezeth, Doyle, and Piatti, set everything to rights, and put all the other music in the shade. M. Sainton, however, no doubt deserves all our thanks for having made us acquainted with these new works.

A new German basso, Herr Dalle Aste, of whom report speaks very highly, sang Schubert's "Wanderer." As far as we could judge from this single performance (Herr Dalle Aste being unable to sing the other songs allotted to him, on account of extreme hoarseness), he possesses a voice of great beauty and compass, equal in all its notes, while his style of singing appears to be at once natural and artistic. His illness evidently prevented him from doing full justice to Schubert's celebrated song.

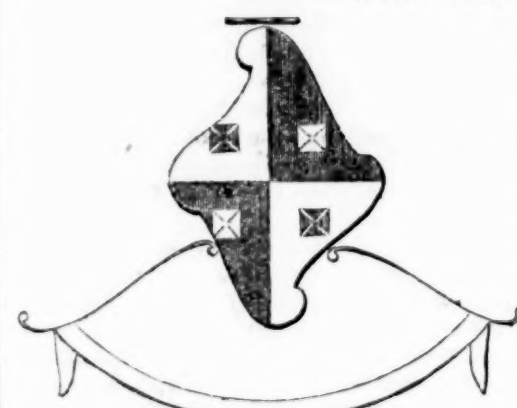
Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti performed some solo pieces on their respective instruments in the course of the evening, to the delight of a numerous and appreciating audience.

### NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

#### ADMIRAL STEWART.

On Monday, the 3rd instant, at Pisa, Admiral James Pattison Stewart, C.B. He entered the Royal Navy in 1797, and served with much distinction with the Mediterranean and Channel fleets, and subsequently on the West Indian station. In 1811 he was highly commended by Sir James Saumarez in his despatches, for his gallantry while co-operating in the defence of the isle of Anholt, as also in the next year for his ability and bravery in an action with the crews of the Danish gun-boats, on the night of July 6th, 1812. In 1813 he served off Walcheren, where he volunteered to effect, by a *coup de main*, the capture of four French frigates off Flushing, but was unable to put his plan in execution, as the commander-in-chief did not think it feasible. In the following December he served under Lord G. Stuart, at the capture of the islands of Schouwen and Tholen. He attained flag-rank in 1846, and was nominated a C.B. in 1815.

#### MRS. CHETWODE.



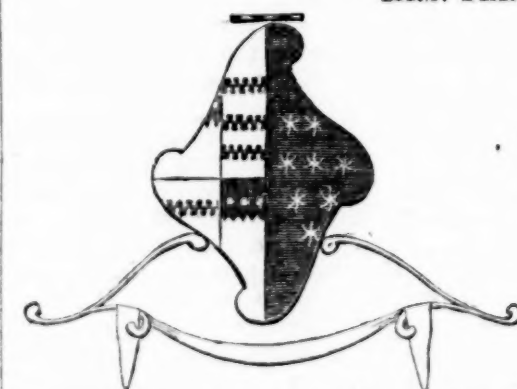
P. Shirley's "Noble and Gentle Men of England."

On Thursday, the 13th instant, at Chilton House, Bucks, the wife of the Rev. George Chetwode, Rector of Ashton-under-Lyne. The deceased lady was Elizabeth Anne, widow of Fiennes Trotman, Esq., and in February, 1849, she became the third wife of the Rev. George Chetwode, of Chilton House, next brother of, and heir presumptive to the title of Sir John Newdigate-Ludford-Chetwode, Baronet, of Chetwode, Buckinghamshire, and Oakeley, co. Stafford. The Chetwodes are one of the families recorded in Mr. E.

#### COLONEL TURBERVILL, K.H.

On Sunday, the 16th inst., at Ewenny Abbey, near Bridgend, co. Glamorgan, aged 70, Lieutenant-Colonel Gervais Powell Turbervill, K.H., of that place. The deceased gentleman, who represented one of the most illustrious and powerful of the many Norman houses established in Wales, was the eldest surviving son of the late Richard Picton, Esq., who assumed the name of Turbervill, and who was the elder brother of the gallant General, Sir Thomas Picton. His mother was Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. G. Powell, of Llanharren, co. Glamorgan. He was born in 1790, and succeeded his elder brother in the estate of Ewenny, in 1848. He was educated at Westminster School and the Royal Military College, whence he entered the army at an early age, and was for some time Lieutenant-Colonel in the 12th Foot. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Glamorganshire, of which county he served as High Sheriff in 1849. He was twice married; first, in 1840, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of S. Dowell, Esq., of Bath; and, secondly, in 1845, to Sarah Anne, youngest daughter of G. Warry, Esq., of Shapwick, Somerset.

#### MRS. PERCIVAL.



at-arms to the House of Lords, by whom she has left issue a youthful family.

On Thursday, the 13th instant, at 65, Rutland-gate, Frederica Penelope, wife of Philip Percival, Esq.; she was the youngest daughter of Colonel Hugh D. Baillie, of Redcastle, N.B., by his second wife, Mary, daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., of Castleton Hall. She married in 1843, Philip Percival, Esq., of Temple House, co. Sligo (late Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards), eldest son of the late Colonel Alexander Perceval, many years M.P. for co. Sligo, and subsequently Serjeant.

#### G. BISHOP, ESQ., F.R.S.

On Friday, the 14th inst., at his residence, South Villa, Regent's Park, aged 76, George Bishop, Esq., F.R.S., a zealous and devoted astronomer. He was born in 1784. He had successively filled the offices of secretary and treasurer of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was elected president of that body in 1857. His observatory, which he maintained in activity for nearly a quarter of a century, has contributed, in addition to incidental work, an extensive catalogue of double stars, eleven new planets, two comets, and upwards of twenty-five variable stars to our list, besides a remarkable star which suddenly became visible in 1848, the only one of its nature which has been seen since the year 1670. He always evinced a deep interest in the dissemination of astronomical knowledge, and invariably welcomed any visitor to his observatory who might be desirous of a practical acquaintance with his favourite science. His munificence in the cause of astronomy is well-known and will insure him a prominent and lasting place in the roll of amateur followers of scientific pursuits.

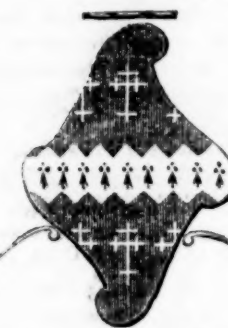


## E. C. McNAGHTEN, ESQ.



On Sunday, March 17, at Waitara, New Zealand, killed in an engagement with the enemy, Edmund Charles McNaghten, Esq., of the Royal Artillery, aged 22. The deceased was fifth son of Sir Edmund Charles Workman McNaghten, Bart., of Bushmills, co. Antrim, and formerly M.P. for that county, by his wife, Mary, only child of Edward Gwatkin, Esq. He was born in 1838, and, having received his education at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, obtained his commission in the Royal Artillery as Lieutenant, August 1, 1855.

## MRS. LONGUEVILLE.



On Thursday, the 13th inst., at Penylan, near Oswestry, aged 90, Mrs. Longueville. The deceased lady was Anne, daughter of John Gibbons, Esq., of Oswestry, and married, about the year 1800, the late Thomas Longueville Jones, Esq., only son of Thomas Jones, Esq., of Wrexham, Captain in the Merionethshire Militia, by whom (who succeeded to the estate of Prestatyn under the will of his cousin, Richard Wilding, Esq., and assumed accordingly the surname and arms of Longueville)

she had issue the present Thomas Longueville Longueville, Esq., of Penylan, and two other sons, and three daughters.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

General A'Court-Repington, C.B., K.C.H., died at his seat, Amington Hall, Warwickshire, on the 19th of April last, aged 75, having executed his will so far back as 1837, adding thereto a codicil, in February, 1856, which is merely confirmatory of his will, and another codicil in September, 1858, appointing his son, Charles Henry Wyndham Ashe A'Court Repington, Esq., late M.P. for Wilton, an executor, to whom probate of the will and two codicils was granted by the London Court, on the 14th instant, power being reserved to the relict, executrix, nominated in the will. The personalty was sworn under £6,000. This gallant general, who died possessed of realty as well as personalty, has bequeathed the whole of his disposable property to his widow, and has expressed himself in very affectionate terms and in the fullest confidence with respect to her right disposal of the same on her decease. The general states as follows:—"I make this disposition of my estate feeling thoroughly satisfied that the interests of my children—a son and daughter—cannot be in better hands than those of a fond and most affectionate mother." The will and codicils, which are very brief, contain no other directions and no bequests of any kind whatsoever. General A'Court Repington was the son of the late Sir W. P. A'Court, many years M.P. for Heytesbury, and brother of the late Lord Heytesbury. The general succeeded to the estate of his late brother, Admiral E. H. A'Court Repington in 1855. General A'Court Repington entered the army at the early age of 18, in the year 1803, and progressively rose to the rank of General, which latter promotion he attained in 1856, and it is a remarkable circumstance that the gallant general's brother attained also to the distinguished rank of Admiral, thus both brothers acquired the highest positions in their respective services.

Charles Legh Hoskins Master, Esq., of Codnor Castle, Derbyshire, and of Barrow Green House, near Godstone, Surrey, died on the 11th of May last, at Torquay, at the advanced age of 80, having executed his will in July, 1857, and a codicil in May, 1859, appointing as his executors his son, Charles Hoskins Master, Esq., and his daughters, Louisa, wife of W. H. Walton, Esq., and Emily Hoskins Master. Probate was granted on the 11th instant, and the personalty was sworn under £16,000. The attesting witnesses were C. Kitson, Esq., Solicitor, Torquay, and S. Johnson, his clerk. This is the will of a private country gentleman, who has died possessed of a handsome competency, sufficient to place him upon an equality with the most elevated landed gentry of the respective localities in which he resided. Mr. Master was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated and took the degree of B.A. in 1805; but he appears not to have occupied himself professionally or otherwise. He served the office of Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Surrey and was also a magistrate for that county. The testator has left his property in trust for the benefit of his family, which consist of one son and two daughters. To his son, who is his heir, and succeeds, on the death of his father, to certain estates; he has bequeathed the family plate, bearing the armorial arms, together with some other portion of plate, china, and ornamental service, appointing him residuary legatee. To his two daughters, Louisa and Emily, he bequeaths immediate legacies of £500 each, and to the latter lady certain articles of plate, furniture, &c., contained in his house at Torquay; there is also bequeathed to her a life interest in a sum of £2,500, and the produce of a policy of insurance, which is also to be invested, and the income arising therefrom his said daughter Emily is to receive for her life. There are some directions with respect to these legacies which are to take effect on the decease of his daughter Emily, and are to result in favour of his son and other daughter.

Lady De Lacy Evans, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., D.C.L., M.P., died at her residence, Bryanstone-square, on the 8th of February last, having made her will, dated 8th September, 1860, which was administered to in the London Court, on the 11th instant, by her husband Sir De Lacy, under special circumstances, there being no executor nominated in her ladyship's will. Letters of administration, with the will annexed, were granted to Sir De Lacy, as sole legatee for life. Her ladyship's personal property, over which she had the power of disposition, was sworn under £6,000. Lady Evans was the daughter of Colonel R. Arbuthnot, and the widow of P. Hughes, Esq.

Her ladyship has bequeathed her disposable property, in the first instance, to her husband, the general, for life, and her son Philip Alexander Hughes, Esq., is declared the recipient of the property on Sir De Lacy Evans's decease. Mr. Hughes, the son, it appears enjoyed an annuity during the lifetime of his mother, which ceases upon her demise, he now coming into possession of a sufficient competency. This lady was the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans, one of our most gallant and distinguished general officers, whose deeds of arms are well known to the public. There are few men who have seen more long, arduous, and active military service than this eminent general. General Evans's military services take a wide range and occupy a lengthened period. We find him in the burning plains of India encountering alike the perils of war and of climate in that glowing hemisphere; again we find him engaged in the Peninsular campaign, and he was a sharer in the glories and honours of Waterloo; he also served in France and America, and we again find him in the icy regions of the Crimea, where he signally distinguished himself at Inkermann and Alma. Bold as a lion in the field and generous as that noble king of the forest, he is equally fearless as a member of the House of Commons in giving utterance to opinions which are the honest convictions of an honourable, conscientious, and right-minded man. Such is General Sir De Lacy Evans, and it is very gratifying that he has been spared by the mercy of a gracious Providence through the perils of his eventful career to attain to a patriarchal age, which we trust may be long extended, to pass the remainder of them in ease and tranquillity in his fatherland, in which he is respected and regarded by the public generally and honoured by all those to whom he is personally known.

Lady Jane Waskett-Myers, relict of Sir Francis Waskett-Myers, whose will bears date 1854, was proved in the London Court on the 14th of the present month, the executors appointed being James Henry Puttock, Esq., and his wife, of Lark Hall, Rise, Clapham. This lady, we infer, was a native of the Emerald Isle, from the circumstance of her possessing some landed property in that fertile and picturesque country. This Irish property, her ladyship declares in her will, she had previously settled upon her grand-nephew, Graham Myers Pogson, Esq., soon after her husband's decease, and to this gentleman the testatrix has also bestowed her library. To her niece, Mrs. Jane Barr, wife of Captain Barr and daughter-in-law of General Barr, she leaves several specific bequests, and there are some of a minor description bestowed on a few personal friends. The residue of her property Lady Waskett-Myers has bequeathed to her executrix, Mrs. M. A. Puttock.

The Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, of Chesham-place, Belgrave-square, who died at Brighton, on the 13th ult., having made her will so far distant as 1848, without appointing any executor. Under these circumstances her son, William Augustus Tollemache, Esq., to whom her ladyship has bequeathed the whole of her property, subject to the payment of funeral and testamentary expenses, applied for probate in the usual course, which was granted to him on the 5th instant. This lady was of distinguished rank, being the daughter of the Earl of Aldborough, and married the late Admiral Halliday, who assumed his mother's maiden name of Tollemache—the family name of Earl Dysart—the admiral's mother being that nobleman's daughter. The first earl of this distinguished family was William Murray, whose only daughter and heir, Lady Elizabeth Murray, Countess of Dysart, married Sir Lionel Tollemache, of Bentley, Suffolk, and brought the title into that family, which has flourished in uninterrupted male succession in the county of Suffolk, from the first arrival of the Saxons in England, more than thirteen centuries since. Lady Tollemache survived her husband many years, and by whom she had a large family, consisting of three sons and several daughters, the latter being all married to persons of distinguished rank. Her ladyship attained to the patriarchal age of 82.

John Cross, Esq., Serjeant-at-Law, of the Inner Temple, and of Avenue Villa, Regent's Park, where he died on the 1st of this month, having executed his will in November, 1858, appointing as executors his relict, together with his brother, Thomas Cross, Esq., of Mortfield, Lancaster, Justice of the Peace for that county, and the testator's son, Edgar Herman Cross, a minor, to whom a power to act is reserved. Probate was granted on the 15th instant, the personalty being sworn under £14,000. Mr. Serjeant Cross was well known to the legal profession, being a practitioner for a lengthened period, and was deservedly respected and esteemed by all those to whom he was personally known, and especially regarded by those legal gentlemen who frequent the northern circuit, to which Mr. Serjeant Cross belonged, and consequently more familiarly associated. The serjeant has left his property, real and personal, to his wife for life, and on her decease it is to devolve to his children. Mrs. Cross possesses property also in her own right, and over which she has the power of disposition. There are no other bequests contained in the will.

AN IRISH SUPERSTITION.—In a work recently published, entitled "Considerations on the Human Mind, its present State and future Destination," by Dr. Richard Grattan, a Senior Fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, there is the following curious statement, corroborative of the truth of a superstition very prevalent in Ireland. The writer of this work, Dr. Grattan, is well known to be a gentleman incapable of making a statement of the accuracy of which he was not fully assured. In this case he is stating a fact respecting himself and his own family. Here are his own words:—"On the twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety, a male child was born in the house in which I now reside. He was a second son, the first having died about eleven months previously, when only six weeks old, in conformity with a prediction that no eldest son of the family should ever live to succeed in the possession of that dwelling. How the aged crone who invented this story came to acquire her knowledge it is hard to say, but certainly the truth of her assertion has been confirmed by the fact in four successive instances. A fairy Rath was profaned, and a weather-beaten thorn, covered with ivy, round which the fairies gambolled by moonlight, was irreverently removed to make room for the house, then about to be erected. Hence the continued resentment of the fairies. Hence the angry imprecations of the prophetess, and the punishment inflicted on the elder and unoffending members of the family."

SWIFT'S LAST LETTER.—"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under, both in body and mind. All I say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few—few and miserable they must be.

"I am, for those few days, yours entirely,  
"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday."  
"J. SWIFT."



## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**FOOLISH HOAX.**—In the principal morning newspapers of last Thursday, appeared two letters—one purporting to have been written by Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, author of "Puck on Pegasus," addressed to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, wherein the writer threatens to horsewhip Mr. Dixon for an abusive attack on his book in the *Athenaeum*, and the reply from Mr. Dixon intimating his intention to put the matter into the hands of Sir Richard Mayne. On the authority of the publisher of "Puck on Pegasus," Mr. Hotten, we are enabled to state that the letters ascribed to Mr. Pennell and Mr. Dixon are fabrications.

Messrs. Longman have in the press, "The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon," now newly collected and revised by Mr. James Spedding. This continuation will make two volumes, forming 8 and 9 of the new edition of "Lord Bacon's Works." "In the third and last division of the entire works," Mr. Spedding says, "every authentic writing and every intelligibly-reported speech of Bacon's (not belonging to either of the other divisions) which can be found in print or manuscript, will be set forth at full length, each in its due chronological place; with an explanatory narrative running between, in which the reader will be supplied, to the best of my skill and knowledge, with all the information necessary to the right understanding of them. The new matter which I shall be able to produce is neither little nor unimportant. The two new volumes now announced, each containing about 400 pages, include every extant work of an occasional character composed by Bacon during the first forty years of his life. The matters treated of in these volumes are too many and various to admit of enumeration; but it may be stated that they include the history of Bacon's connection with the Earl of Essex from the beginning to end; the 'Declaration of the Treasons' being the last piece which they include."

"Trinacria," that is "Sicily," was the theme of the Latin prize poem at Oxford this year. Its recital, we understand, excited a great deal of enthusiasm on account of its many happy allusions to the former glorious and recent struggles of that celebrated and classic island. Another advantage the poem possessed was in the graceful delivery of its author. An eye-witness observes: "It has seldom been the lot of the visitors to this academical gathering to hear a prize composition so correctly and feelingly given, with such proper emphasis and distinct enunciation." The author and reciter, Mr. William L. Stonehouse, had been educated by Dr. Huntingford, of Eagle House, Wimbledon.

Upon the completion of Mr. Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations" in *All the Year Round*, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will commence a new tale, which will be continued for some months, under the title of "A Strange Story."

Mr. Bentley has in the press three more large volumes, being the second part of the "Memoirs of Mrs. Delaney."

Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White" is being translated into French, and makes its appearance in the new French journal *Le Temps*.

The Du Chaillu controversy has not abated, and has been the means of running the great African book into its tenth thousand.

It is rumoured that Messrs. Chapman & Hall have purchased Messrs. Bradbury & Evans's interest in Mr. Charles Dickens's works.

Messrs. Darton & Co. announce, uniform with "Famous Boys," the "Chimney Corner Stories," illustrated by Mr. Harrison Weir.

Since the introduction into this country of the Russian system of dining, a new and reliable work on the making of confectionery, and the laying out of desserts, has been much wanted. Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, has just issued "The Modern Confectioner." No pains have been spared to make this book a useful and safe guide to all cooks and housekeepers in private families or large establishments. The name of the chief confectioner at the celebrated house of Gunter & Co., in Berkeley-square, is a sufficient guarantee of the usefulness of the book.

Messrs. Moxon will shortly publish the tenth edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," relating to all ages and nations, revised and greatly enlarged by Benjamin Vincent. In this tenth edition the chronological tables have been revised and continued; about four hundred new articles have been inserted, and a large number of others re-written; the important dates have been compared with recognized authorities; and much biographical, literary, and scientific information has been supplied. To afford room for these additions, many articles have been condensed and matters of less importance have been either printed in smaller type or excluded. The utility of the index has been increased by the insertion of dates.

Mr. Bentley will publish immediately M. Guizot's new volume of his "Personal Memoirs." The work contains, among many other subjects, all the important and interesting transactions relating to the East which had nearly plunged England and France into war in 1841. M. Guizot succeeded M. Thiers as Minister at that eventful period, and had, therefore, peculiar opportunities of knowing the secret history of the time. At the present moment, owing to the existing position of the Turkish empire, the subject possesses great interest.

Messrs. Nisbet announce a new edition of the "Pre-Adamite Man." This work was originally published by Messrs. Saunders & Otley.

Mr. Tweedie has in the press a third edition of Mr. Ritchie's "Night Side of Nature."

Mr. Tinsley, publisher, of the Strand, is about to move to more commodious premises in Catherine-street.

Messrs. Longman's promised "Life of Sir Marc Isambard Brunel," by Mr. Richard Beamish, has excited Mr. Weale, of Holborn, to announce as in the press, "The Life and Works of Sir Isambard Brunel."

Before publication, the first edition of "Mommagen's History of Rome," which Mr. Bentley will shortly publish, is likely to be out of print. We understand that the orders from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have been very great,—almost to swallow up the first edition even before being "subscribed."

It is not generally known that the interesting autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, which Messrs. Allen & Co. have just published, has been compiled and arranged by Mr. James Hutton.

*The Sixpenny Magazine* commences on the 1st of July, to be published monthly. The duty off paper has prompted the proprietors of this Journal to endeavour to start a first-rate magazine, equal in talent to those of a higher price, at the low charge of sixpence. The Magazine will be published by Messrs. Ward & Lock.

Messrs. J. H. & J. Parker announce a book with a startling title, by the Rev. J. H. Browne, namely, "Peter the Apostle never at Rome; an Historical Fact."

Three more "new novels" will shortly be issued by Messrs. Saunders & Otley. It becomes quite natural to announce, week after week, a new novel from the above house. Subscribers to the libraries, at any rate, ought to be grateful to Messrs. Saunders & Otley. The title of one of the new works is "John Woodburn," a naval story; another, "My Daughter Marjorie;" and the third, "The New Speaker."

Every copy of the first edition of the new book of humorous verse, "Puck on Pegasus," having been sold, a second edition is now ready.

At the end of the month Mr. Kent will publish a little work which may be welcomed in families where economy is the order of the day. The title, "The Family Save-All," will at once explain the nature of the work, it having reference to a system of re-cooking of the various broken-food and cold meats.

The author of the "Heir of Redclyffe" is preparing for publication a work entitled "Christian Names, their History and Derivations," which will be published by Messrs. Parker, Son, & Bourn. The same firm have also in preparation a new work by Mr. Alexander Bain, the Professor of Logic at Aberdeen, "On the Study of Character," including an estimate of Phrenology.

Mrs. Bayly, the author of "Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them," which has had an extensive circulation, is engaged on a new work entitled "Mended Homes and What Repaired Them."

It is stated that M. Thiers is going to make over the prize of 20,000*fr.*, which has been awarded to him by the French Academy, to be bestowed by them upon some writer they may select, and who requires the money more than he does.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM JUNE 14TH TO JUNE 20TH.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Anderson (Rev. John). Lectures and Sermons. Feap. 4s. 6d. Nisbet.   | Llewelyn (J.). Tracts for Priests and People. No. 1. The Signs of the Kingdom of Heaven. Crown 8vo. cloth. 1s. Macmillan.                       |
| Bromley (Mrs.). A Woman's Wanderings in the Western World: Letters to Sir Fitzroy Kelly from his daughter. Svo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Saunders & Otley. | Mann (J. H.). Scripture Testimony to Messiah. Feap. 2s. 6d. Nisbet.   |
| Byng (Rev. F. E. C.). Sermons for Households. Crown 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Rivington.  | Once a Week. Vol. 4. cloth. 7s. 6d. Bradbury & Evans.   |
| Conolly's (M. F.). Memoir of the Life and Writings of William Tennent. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 4s. Blackwood.   | Oke's Magisterial Formulist. Third edition. Svo. cloth. £1 15s. Butterworth.  |
| Cumming (Rev. J. A.). Guide to the Isle of Man. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d. Stanford.   | Perry (Rev. G. G.). The History of the Church of England, from the death of Elizabeth to the present time. Svo. cloth. £1 1s. Saunders & Otley. |
| Davis (R.). Lessons on Industrial Life. 12mo. cloth. Third edition. 2s. Groombridge.  | Peddle (J.). Hooks for Thoughts. Feap. Svo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Blackwood.   |
| Denison (Archdeacon). Analysis of "Essays and Reviews." Post 8vo. sewed. 1s. 6d. Saunders & Otley.  | Pullan (Mrs.). Maternal Counsel. Feap. Third edition. 3s. 6d. Darton.   |
| Edmondale; or, a Family Chronicle. Svo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Saunders & Otley.   | Ritchie (J. E.). Modern Statesmen. Post 8vo. boards. Cheap edition. 2s. 6d. Tweedie.  |
| Famous Boys. 12mo. 7th edition. 3s. 6d. Darton.   | Reeve (Rev. J. W.). Doctrine and Practice. Post 8vo. 5s. Nisbet.  |
| Fowler's Practical Phrenology. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. Tweedie.   | Salmon (G.). Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s. Macmillan.  |
| Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. 10th edition. Svo. 18s. Moxon.   | The Annual Register. Vol. CII., for 1860. Svo. 18s. Rivington.  |
| Harvey (Mrs.). Our Cruise in the Claymore. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. Chapman & Hall.   | Wallcott (M. E. C.). A Guide to the East Coast of England, from the Thames to the Tweed. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Stanford.                        |
| Hammond (E. P.). Evangelistic Labours. 16mo. 2s. Nisbet.  | Coasts of Lincoln and York. Feap. Svo. cloth. 2s. Stanford.   |
| Hall (Capt. B.). Fragments of Voyages and Travels. Royal 8vo. cloth. New edition. 10s. 6d. Bell & Daldy.  | Coasts of Durham and Northumberland. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. Stanford.  |
| Jacques (D. H.). Hints towards Physical Perfection. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s. Tweedie.   | Whitehead (T. C.). Village Sketches. Feap. Svo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Bosworth.  |
| Lamb (J.). The Seven Words spoken against the Lord Jesus. Svo. cloth. 5s. 6d. Bell & Daldy.   | Wolfe (A.). Hymns for Public Worship, Selected and Arranged. 32mo. cloth. 1s. Macmillan.  |
| Lawson's Geography of the British Empire. 12mo. 3s. Kent.   | Young (Edward). Harp of God. Post 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Nisbet.   |
| Lee (Rev. R.). Family Prayers. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. 6d. Hamilton.  |   |

**APPARENT DEATH.**—Apparent death, observes the learned author of "Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity," is not always accompanied by a suspension of consciousness. In the *Psychological Magazine*, No. 5, we read that a young lady, after lying ill for some time, to all appearance dead, she was laid in her coffin, and the day of her funeral was fixed. When the lid of the coffin was about to be screwed down, a perspiration was observed on the body; life soon appeared, and at length she opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek. She said it seemed to her as if, in a dream, she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death,—at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead clothes, and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable: she tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavoured to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were being sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be screwed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the one that gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame.

**UNPLEASANT VISITORS.**—THE HUNS.—The following is the description given by the Latin author, Ammianus Marcellinus, of the Huns, when they first invaded the civilized portions of Europe:—"You would esteem them rather as two-legged brutes than men. Not one of them knows whence he comes, or whither he is wandering. Born far away, and still further the place of his bringing up, the graves of his fathers, and the land of his youth are alike unknown to him. A waggon his only house, his home the accidental place of his encampment, his whole soul is absorbed by the pursuits of the day, and the past and the future are things of equal indifference. None of them plough, and none of them sow; their food is flesh or wild roots, which they devour uncooked. Their garments are only changed when they fall off from old age. Without religion, with no idea of civilized life, they almost live upon their tough little horses; wandering wherever there is ought to steal, and robbery the whole business of their lives."

**AN ILL-USED MAN.**—A modern writer gives the following accurate description of a person who considers he has a grievance to complain of:—"A man who thinks himself ill-used is invariably selfish, he cannot take interest in any subject but his own grievance; and if it should be one on which good taste forbids him to enlarge, he relapses into a state of sullen dejection, and justifies himself for being ill-tempered by assuming that he is bored."

**WORK.**—"It is better," remarks Charlotte Brontë, "to be worn out with work in a thronged community, than to perish of inaction in a stagnant solitude."



## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

## MONDAY.

8 P.M. Architects—9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

## TUESDAY.

6 1/2 " Medical and Chirurgical—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

9 " Zoological—11, Hanover-square.

## WEDNESDAY.

4 " Society of Arts—(Anniversary.)

4 1/2 " Literature.

## THURSDAY.

8 " Philological—Somerset House.

6 " Royal Society Club—(Anniversary.)

## THE MYSTERY

OF

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Of Saturday next, June 29.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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I. WILKINSON, Secretary.

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JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

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The EXHIBITION of HOLMAN HUNT'S celebrated PICTURE of the "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," begun in Jerusalem, in 1854, and completed in 1860, is now OPEN to the Public, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, NEW BOND STREET, from 12 to 6.—Admission, 1s.

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## THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Last

Nights of THE OVERLAND ROUTE. In consequence of the production of a New Comedy on Mr. Buckstone's Annual Benefit, to take place on Wednesday, July 10th—Monday, and during the week, to commence at Seven, with THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE; after which, at Eight precisely, THE OVERLAND ROUTE, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Wilkins; and with PATER VERUS CLATTER, Mr. Charles Mathews; and THE GALLICIAN FETE, On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, after THE OVERLAND ROUTE, AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC, Mr. Charles Mathews, concluding with the Ballet. Box Office open from 10 till 5.

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# SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON REVIEW.

No. 51.—VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

## THE ALMA MATER OF INDIAN WARRIORS AND STATESMEN.

*Fuit Ilium!* Addiscombe has closed her gates. The nursing mother of a hundred Indian heroes whose exploits shall be sung by some Homer yet unborn—the Alma Mater of John Lawrence, of the Punjab; George Pollock, of Cabul; Lake, of Kars; Archibald Wilson, of Delhi, and the glorious band whose names are writ fair and large in the records of our Indian empire,—Addiscombe has ceased to exist as an Indian College. The announcement will excite emotions of filial regret in the breasts of a thousand gallant spirits in Hindostan, and of sympathy among their connections at home. The Secretary of State for India, in his funeral oration over the College the other day, did it no more than justice when he said that it gave to its cadets the “best military education which this country or any other country ever afforded.” Sir Charles Wood, in another passage, characterized Addiscombe as in former times a “perfect model of military education,” affirming that, “whether in civil or military engineering, Addiscombe has never been excelled, and that the skill with which sieges have been conducted by the Indian engineers has exceeded that of any other service in the world.” Lord Canning, on the occasion of conferring the Victoria Cross on a former cadet of Addiscombe—Major M’Leod Innes—said of the Indian Engineers:—“In the words of sober truth I do not believe there ever has existed in any army a body of men who have rendered, individually and collectively, more constant and valuable good service to their country.” One of the Judges from the bench took occasion to say, not long since that “he believed the Madras Engineers would construct a dam on a quicksand.”

The College that has for half a century borne these glorious fruits, and trained so many distinguished officers, will always possess an historical interest for Englishmen so long as one stone remains upon another. Our recollections of Addiscombe are not those of an *alumnus*. We were a not infrequent visitor in the palmy days of the East India direction, when the Chairman and Board of Directors dispensed, on Examination days, a liberal hospitality, and when the cadets were seen under every happy and healthful influence. It was good to run down about noon to Croydon, whence a walk of about a mile brought you to the College, a large mansion capable of accommodating 150 youths, who pursued their studies under a Lieutenant-Governor and a large staff of able Professors. The day's proceedings began with a ceremony which attracted not a few of the fairer portion of creation—a review of the cadets in the exercise-ground. Their bearing was smart and soldierlike, and their marching past the Chairman, Directors, and visitors, always elicited deserved commendation. An adjournment then took place to the school-room.

Healthy, cheerful, vigorous English boys! glowing with exercise, how handsome you looked in your neat and gentleman-like uniforms—dark blue, with red cuffs and collars, and decorated with gold lace—as you sat in the large school-room of that college which shall no more re-echo to your busy footsteps. At a table at one end of the room are seated the chairman, deputy-chairman, and directors of the East India Company, who must surely be invested in the imagination of these lads with majesty indescribable, for are they not the dispensers of collectorships and commands, and has not each director more solid good things in his gift than many a petty potentate of a German principality? Upon the right of the chairman sit the professors, an awful band of grave, grey-haired men, whose nod is fate. A little nearer to the boys was the Public Examiner, always an engineer officer high in the Queen's army, who, in full regimentals, with sash, crosses, and medals, is the living impersonation of the glories of a successful military career. General Sir John Burgoyne used to hold this office. His gold cross and one clasp, and his silver war-medal with three clasps, had not then been supplemented by the Grand Cross of the Bath, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and the order of the Medjidie of the first class. To him succeeded the late Major-General Sir C. Pasley, who wore the Peninsular medal and the star of the Bath. The latest Public Examiner was Lieutenant-General Sir F. Smith, Bart., M.P., Colonel Commandant of the Royal Engineers in 1860, who wore the sash of a Queen's aide-de-camp. Around the table, in addition to a few private friends of the directors, used to be seen any distinguished Indian officers who might happen to be in this country, and the Ministerial functionaries charged with Indian affairs (the Board of Control). Major-General Sir G. Pollock, G.C.B., the hero of Cabul and the Khyber Pass, was always an honoured and welcome guest at these re-unions. No one had a better right to be there, for a gold medal, called the Pollock medal, was given to Addiscombe (from a fund raised by the inhabitants of Calcutta) to commemorate the services of the gallant general.

When all are seated, General Pasley (we will suppose) calls upon Cadet Brown, who is in his third term, to demonstrate some mathematical problem of diabolic abstruseness and difficulty. Cadet Brown walks to the end of the room opposite to the chairman, where several large black-boards are reared upon stands. Here a piece of chalk is handed to him by an orderly, and he begins, under the eyes of all beholders, to arrange his squares and cubes and indicate his forces and equivalents. While we are waiting for Cadet Brown, Cadet Jones is called upon to expound a theorem of equal or greater perplexity. He is followed by Cadet Robinson, and under their rapid manipulations, the boards are soon covered with formidable-looking hieroglyphics, demonstrative of the laws of projectiles and other matters of mathematical applicability. As soon as Cadet Brown is ready he takes a wand and demonstrates his problem, the Public Examiner being careful to see that every link in the chain is complete. Mr. Brown is rewarded with a brief, but kind and paternal “very well,” and as he resumes his seat, his fellow-cadets wish they were as sure of a commission in the Engineers as Brown. Cadet Jones is more nervous, has to be told to speak a little louder, if he pleases, omits some of the intermediate steps of the demonstration, and is dismissed with “That will do, Sir,” in a tone implying that it might be better. It is dreadful to think that Madras or even Bombay may be his lot, instead of the golden presidency of Calcutta.

There was one feature in the examinations at Addiscombe that imparted

something of a dramatic character to the day's proceedings. It may be said that when boys are working together in the same classes, they will decide with almost unerring accuracy who will gain a particular prize. But this rule has its exceptions; and the theory of an Addiscombe examination used to be, that until the report of the public examiner was read, and the chairman had announced the wants of the East Indian army, very few boys could be certain whether their destination would be the engineers, artillery, or infantry—Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. The awards of the prizes and the chairman's speech were therefore listened to with breathless attention, and it was hard to say whether the parents of the cadets, or the cadets themselves, were most deeply concerned at the result. Sometimes the directors only gave half a dozen commissions in the engineers, the same number in the artillery, and the rest in the infantry. In such cases the six best scholars had the much-coveted commissions in the engineers; the next half-dozen went into the less-coveted but still well-paid artillery regiments; and the rest of the third-term boys, between thirty and forty, into the infantry. Sometimes, however, the chairman would announce that fifteen cadets would be wanted for the engineers, and eight or ten for the artillery—an announcement that diffused great joy among these manly young fellows, since it gave commissions in the engineers to those who had booked themselves for the artillery, and artillery commissions to those who had sighed over the prospect of commencing life as the ensigns of a marching regiment. The average age of the cadets in the highest class (third term) was not more than nineteen. When they left Addiscombe they went to Chatham for a year or two, where, under the officer commanding the royal engineers in that garrison (not long since Major-General Sir Harry Jones, of Bomarsund and Crimean reputation), they were practically instructed in field fortification, and the construction of mines and pontoons.

After the prizes had been distributed—the regulation sword for good conduct, the Pollock medal for conduct and progress together, and valuable books for prizes in mathematics, fortification, military topography, civil drawing, Hindustani, chemistry, geology, French, German, &c.—the event of the day, the chairman's address, was delivered.

One Addiscombe speech was very like another. There was a strong family likeness, indeed, between them and the addresses at Haileybury, except that the latter “wore their rue with a difference,” and were always reminded of “the metaphysical character of the Hindoo intellect.” To invent and compose a king's speech at a moment's notice would not have been a very difficult task to Mr. Pitt if they had resembled each other as much as these compositions. The chairman was always glad to hear so good an account of the progress and discipline of the cadets from the excellent Lieutenant-Governor. Some of the boys were going to India; they must pursue their studies—“carry on the superstructure of which they had laid only the foundations” was the approved phrase—so far as occasion served. The rest were to stay a further term in the school; they must eagerly avail themselves of the opportunities afforded to them. The young men going out to India were affectionately urged to avoid debt and gaming, as the rocks upon which the fame and happiness of many young Indian officers had made shipwreck. They were solemnly warned that their promotion in India would be strictly according to their merits, since in the Indian service what was called “interest,” or the influence of powerful friends, availed nothing.

Was it a mere fancy at this stage of the speech, or did we really perceive in the faces of military and civil servants of the Company home on furlough, or distinguished East Indians who had come up from Bath or Cheltenham, a raising of the eyebrows and a rapid shutting and opening of one eye, which it may be hoped escaped the observation of “the chair?” We have even imagined, although we would fain hope we were mistaken, that we have seen at these passages stalwart-looking cadets driving their elbows violently into their neighbours' ribs, with a view, doubtless, of impressing the chairman's observations more forcibly upon their senses. But we who were English and not Anglo-Indian visitors preserved a devout and edifying gravity, crying “hear, hear,” in a sonorous tone. Next day the good English public learned with reverence and gratitude that all appointments and promotions in India, under that golden age, were made from merit, and without favour or affection. The news, too, went out to India by the next mail, and must have been highly assuring and satisfactory to the Company's servants in distant jungles and stations up the country, who might otherwise have supposed that their contemporaries had been put over their heads from some arbitrary caprice or favouritism on the part of the authorities.

After the chairman's speech, which was always rapturously received by the cadets, an adjournment took place to the dining-hall, where the cadets partook of roast beef and plum-pudding. The young fellows used to kick a little at having visitors to see them at feeding time, like the lions in the Zoological Gardens or the old pensioners at Greenwich. They all seemed uncommonly hungry, and played a vigorous knife and fork. But, after the manner of lads at school or college, they seemed to bolt rather than eat their food; and in ten minutes or so they were ready to march to a glazed building in the rear of the school, where ravelins, bastions, zig-zags, glacis, and counter-scarps, were neatly and artistically constructed of sand. Uncle Toby would have been in ecstasies to hear one of these young engineers of nineteen expound Vauban's first system, its excellencies and defects, or go over the attack and defence of some great modern siege.

The chairman, the directors, and visitors then adjourned to the Lieutenant-Governor's mansion, where a cold collation worthy alike of hosts and guests awaited them. Fates and Destinies! to think that since the college lapsed into the unworthy hands of the Council of India there has not been so much as a glass of sherry or a biscuit to be got by the visitors at an examination. It was time the College closed.

What Addiscombe was for the Indian army the College of Haileybury (in Hertfordshire) was for the civil service—the nursery from which the East-India Company drew its supplies of young men to administer law and justice among a hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos. Addiscombe escaped intact from the reforming provisions of the new act for the government of India, but the fiat went out against Haileybury, which was shut up three or four years





ago. The Government bill, as originally brought in, contained a clause, throwing open all the nominations to the Indian army, as well as to the civil service, to public competition. But it was represented to Her Majesty's Government, that it had been the policy of successive Indian governments to keep up a distinction between the covenanted and uncovenanted servants of India, and that, if the nominations to Addiscombe were thrown open, young Hindoos or Mahometans might be sent over to compete for them. These natives of India having once gained commissions in the Indian army, might rise to high rank and commands therein. The late mutiny showed that English rule is not so popular in India that a Hindoo Napoleon can be safely trusted with the command of any large force of sepoys. The Government, admitting the force of these arguments, made no alteration in the regulations of Addiscombe, and the chairmen and directors of the East India Company, up to a recent period, possessed the right of nominating gentlemen cadets to Addiscombe. A most valuable piece of patronage it was; since, if a lad had ability enough to pass the necessary examinations, the splendid prizes of an Indian career were open to him, and he entered at once upon payment and allowances sufficient to maintain him in comfort and respectability. People used to estimate the money value of a presentation to Addiscombe and Haileybury. The amount was large, although the calculation was somewhat fanciful.

In bye-gone days, however, when society was more corrupt than it is believed to be now, very large sums have been given for nominations to the two colleges. East-India Directors, not once or twice, have been indicted in our courts of justice for trafficking in these appointments. The gentlemen cadets of Addiscombe were not educated at the sole expense of the Company, since it used to be estimated that every cadet cost his friends £200. a-year while in the college. At Haileybury the term fees and personal expenses exceeded this sum; but the East-India Company, to do them justice, paid their officers, both civil and military, so liberally, and talent and integrity in India may, in the long run, look so confidently for a satisfactory reward, that every engine of influence was brought to bear upon the directors to obtain presentations. Candidates for seats in the direction canvassed the shareholders for years before they gained the object of their wishes. "You ask us to do something for you—what can you do for us?" was a question not often directly put, but very extensively implied. Influential holders of East-India stock knew so well how to make a bargain with a candidate for the honours of a vacant seat in the direction, that when he found himself successful he discovered, if rumour is to be believed, that his patronage was pledged for many years to come; and that great London bankers and retired Scotch East-Indians had first to be served before he had any patronage to bestow on his own sons, nephews, and connections.

The contrast between Addiscombe and Haileybury was striking enough to arrest the attention of the most casual observer. The Addiscombe boys were "cadets," and wore a military uniform; the Haileybury youths were "students," and "walked gowned." The Addiscombe cadets were healthy, manly, frank, soldier-like looking lads; the Haileybury students were, as a body, a set of pale, conceited-looking prigs. They were taught metaphysics (not in any overpowering quantity), because they were told that the Brahminical intellect was peculiarly subtle and metaphysical, and that they must be able to refute the Brahmins with their own weapons. We never heard of any brilliant converts made by the Haileybury *alumni*; nor, when they came to flesh their maiden swords with the acute Brahmins of whom they had so often heard, did they find the conquest so easy as they had promised themselves. Perhaps prejudice had something to do with it; for there was somewhat of prejudice in India against the young men of Haileybury. People used to deride their Eastern languages,—their Sanskrit, their Hindustani, their Persian, and their Telegu. Their metaphysics were held in small account, and their law in less. Old Indians did them justice only in one respect. Their manners were fully appreciated. They took out with them an easy superiority which was highly agreeable and flattering to the beholders. A young college prig is not the most companionable and agreeable of mortals; but if you took fifty of the worst specimens of this *genus* from the sister universities, persuaded them that they were all born pro-consuls, and whispered to them that they had interest in the Board of Directors sufficient to pull them through any number of scrapes and any amount of laziness, you might understand the feeling of respect approaching to veneration with which they were regarded in the three Presidencies.

Their haughty and defiant manner to the Chairman and Directors on examination days promised well for their meekness and condescension to the Hindoos, over whom they were to be sent to rule. The visitors invited by the Directors, nay, even the Directors themselves, sometimes manifested a desire to hear the prize essays, which it was the duty of the students to read. The wish was pardonable and far from unnatural. The traditions of the school, however, were imperative, and, unhappily, prevented its indulgence. One nascent pro-consul laid a bet with his brother pro-consuls, that he would read his essay in a specified number of minutes and seconds—say about half the time it would take to read it distinctly and audibly. He went off at score. "Read a little slower, Mr. Gryffyn," said a deaf Director. The collegian obeyed, but only for an instant. "Not quite so fast, if you please," mildly interposed the Chairman. The youths tittered, and odds of two to one and no takers were freely offered against Gryff. The indomitable young pro-consul, however, after a slight bow to the Chairman, went off faster than ever. He had even the coolness to take out his watch in the face of all those kings of India, Queen's and Company's officers, and Professors, and in spite of these interruptions won his wager, with twenty-five seconds to spare. His fellow-students gave him three rounds of applause—a compliment which the unsuspecting audience attributed to the literary merits of the essay. "Did'nt you think it precious cheeky of old — (one of the pro-consuls was heard to ask his friend after the examination) to tell Gryff. not to read so fast?" It was rumoured that Gryffyn was admonished and rebuked for taking out his watch; but his uncle kept a large floating balance at a banker's who stood well with half a dozen Directors, and Mr. Gryffyn never had reason to regret his wager.

Some echoes of public opinion in India used to disturb our *déjeûner* at Haileybury, and poison our claret. At Addiscombe the Seminary was allowed to speak for itself, and no Indian rumours or criticisms marred the enjoyment of the day. At Haileybury, on the contrary, a bilious and lachrymose Principal never failed to repel, with the tone of a martyr and a great deal more shuffle than was agreeable at a festive board, the attacks and

persecutions of which it seemed the College was the object, on the part of "certain persons" in India. These attacks were always "gratuitous," "unfounded," and "malevolent." We used to hold the authors of these calumnies in horror, and wondered why they persisted in making the good man's life miserable, and in obviously disordering his secretions. One fine morning, however, it turned out that the Indian critics had been right all along, and that Haileybury had been an expensive training-school for the stupid and conceited nominees and connections of East-India Directors and influential Scotch shareholders. No doubt many of these young men distinguished themselves in India, and became efficient public servants. But nothing useful did they ever accomplish until they had rubbed off the gold watch-chain-ism of the college, and learned to estimate their Haileybury languages, law, and metaphysics at their true value.

The Addiscombe training, which was designed to make the cadets frank and soldierlike, turned out to be that best suited to govern the passive and impressionable Hindoo. Habits, first of obedience and afterwards of command, decision of character, energetic will, and a manly demeanour, not only converted them into good soldiers, but enabled them to compete with the Haileybury students on their own ground. Some of the best Indian negociators, political residents, and agents, were young fellows from Addiscombe. The secret of their success is not far to seek. The attempt to match an Oriental in suppleness and subtlety is seldom successful. But the Addiscombe soldier, straightforward, frank, direct, sincere, and resolute, eschewing refinement, and as plain and as true as his own sword, has in Indian affairs often been able to cut the Gordian knot which the pseudo-disciples of Machiavelli policy have failed to untie.

All the officers who entered the engineers and artillery of the East India Company, and a large proportion of those who held commissions in the East India Company's infantry, were educated at Addiscombe. The cavalry officers used to receive what were called "direct appointments;" the young men nominated to commissions in this arm of the service taking their departure for India without undergoing the preliminary examinations and the severe training and discipline which the gentlemen cadets at Addiscombe had to undergo. It is scarcely too much to say, that during the Indian mutiny Addiscombe saved India. "Those who were most remarkable for their exertions, gallantry, bravery, and skill, during the Indian mutiny of 1857," said Sir Charles Wood, "were the distinguished officers who were trained at Addiscombe." The Indian army is now consolidated with the Queen's, and no separate East-Indian Military College is required. All that remains is that some Anthony Wood of the College should collect together the memorials, and write the lives of the Worthies of Addiscombe.

#### MODERN ENGLISHWOMEN.—No. XIII.

##### THE MANAGING WOMAN.

THE managing woman is a pearl among women; she is one of the prizes in the great lottery of life, and the man who draws her may sing *Io* poeans for the rest of his days. Better than riches, she is a fortune in herself—a gold-mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant waters, whose banks are fringed with moss and flowers, when all around is bleached white with sterile sand. The managing woman can do everything; and she does everything well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. From the arrangements of a child's party to the organization of a hospital she is equally at home, ready for any emergency, and fertile in resources when the means appointed fail. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as of things, for she has an intuitive knowledge of character, and can appoint her agents generally with success; but for the most part she prefers to do her work herself, or to see that it is done, which is very nearly the same thing, but that it is somewhat more costly to the patience. But the managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, and though she finds heads as dense as boxwood and hands as inefficient as fishes' fins, still she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering, and never less than hopeful of a favourable result.

The managing woman is a first-rate housekeeper. She has not abandoned those old traditions of womanhood which make the fit and beautiful "dispensing of bread" of equal value with the earning thereof; nor does she hold with any modern theories of degradation in household work, or shame in poverty and the need of contrivance. On the contrary, idleness and extravagance are the worst shames to her, and a woman who repudiates her natural vocation of home adornment, is no woman worthy of the name. It is when she is of the "poor genteel" class that her special talents come into fullest play. The best manner in which to organize her household, the wisest apportionment of her income, the most ingenious way of sewing up tattered edges, and hiding unseemly patches, the putting a bright face on her difficulties, and having the credit for "being always so nice," when she has had to contrive and think over every possible means of making four do the work of six—these are the delights of a true manager—her trophies and her triumphs. How proud she is of her faculty of making the best of everything! How clever in her mode of veiling the cloud, and showing only the rose-coloured edges and the silver lining to her friends! Positively a true managing woman—one who has it in her blood—would rather be somewhat pinched and put to it for the sake of such triumphs, than have everything in such profusion as to have no need of contrivance.

The instant you enter a house, whether rich or poor, you know whether it belongs to a clever manager or not. It is not in the kind or amount of property and furniture, it is not in its newness, its grace, or its intrinsic value, but it is in its disposition, in the art with which everything is made to look its best, and, in the case of our "poor genteel," the clever hiding of deficiencies. What managing woman allows the world to see her rents and tatters? So long as ingenious patching, and still more ingenious shifting and turning, can conceal what cannot be denied, the managing woman lets none, not even the initiated, understand the ragged groundwork underneath. She moves her furniture so as to hide the shabbier places; she binds her worn-out books in simple chintz coverings, clean and gay; she darns her muslin until it becomes a new fabric of the nature of cross-barred cobweb, and turns her

linen out whole corn wine dec to be der without f vantage, the life ar of Ovid a hidde arch-prie as illimita house on despair, a yet who a a moment it is who, daintier found with lets fall th of some p a proper p never lag and exact them, who time. Th its light, t

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The man always edu her pupil's less stupid she herself of the will, was always never once and when s and perfect accept, as striving. steering for own skill th admirable fashioned r heirs and in fund of won teaching of other hand foolish over that quiet, example, m neighbours. with ambiti careless and wherewith t from what s flowers, and brute wealth seeming suf joinings sho life so far th and learn h waste and woman's de might be av by example More in nur and follower lower down one level to around. B woman does to effect wh issue. Nee and that wh means but better orde



linen outside in, and inside out, till every inch is equally worn, and the whole comes to be the ragged fulfilment of its destiny; she grinds down chipped wine decanters into smooth sugar basins; is not indifferent to the advantages to be derived from manipulated silk; manages so as to be never wholly without funds, or short of holiday provisions, so is never taken at a disadvantage, and lets nothing pass into the dust-heap until she has extracted all the life and marrow out of it; in short, she edits a new Transformation, not of Ovid, but of homely domesticities, and by her marvellous insight finds a hidden godhead in every material under her hands. She is the great arch-priestess of industry, the *casta diva* of cunning contrivance, with resources as illimitable as nature and her own thoughts. She it is who keeps the house on those fabulous sums which drive the more lavish housewives to despair, and cause a frenzy of admiration in their less fortunate possessors, yet who always has a well-filled larder, and can produce a better supply at a moment's notice than many others with double her weekly allowance; she it is who, with one maid-of-all-work, gets more done, and is surrounded with daintier niceties of refinement and cleanliness, than are sometimes to be found with plush and powder; who, with her hands full to overflowing, never lets fall the smallest remnant of duty, and even contrives to hold to the skirts of some pleasures as well; who finds time for everything she has to do, and a proper place for everything she has to keep; who is never hurried and never lagging; never beforehand and never behind, but punctual, timely, and exact, neither wastes her minutes in needless waiting, nor rushes after them, when lost, in that frantic looseness of life common to the chasers of time. The managing woman who is not punctual is the glow-worm without its light, the bird without its plumage, an anomaly out of course and order.

Out of her own house, and in a sphere wider and more important than her home life, the managing woman is equally excellent. As the head of a business establishment, or as the organizer of a new industrial career, walking in beaten paths or hewing out new, she is always the same,—clever, clear, inexhaustible, never at fault, and never beaten. Self-reliant she must of necessity be; but with her self-reliance is associated the greater quality of organization and the priceless gift of order; else is she merely a social Icarus soaring on pinions which cannot bear the heat of trial, and which, melting, leave her stranded in immeasurable failure. A self-reliant or an ambitious woman, aiming at things greater than what the ordinary current of life drifts to her, and without the power of management and the gift of condensation, must needs fall in hopeless collapse, keeping back the tide until the heaped-up waters shall have swept over her and the remembrance of her failure for ever. Do we not all know that a failure is ever a hindrance? But the managing woman never fails. She can carry any question, even to a class revolution, single-handed, because of her wonderful faculty of fitness, and perception of resources. She it is who has given power and value to the modern views respecting female life and labour, and who macadamizes the late-made paths where they are invited to walk. Had it not been for her, those modern views would have been still held visionary and impracticable, and the macadamized paths would have yet had to be tracked from among the briars and thorns. To women, therefore, she is of singular importance, and the character of all others to which they, as a body, owe most gratitude and respect.

The managing woman is apt to be intolerant of dulness, and does not always educate with sufficient patience. She often takes her lesson out of her pupil's hands, and does it herself in a kind of angry despair at the hopeless stupidity of ignorance. She cannot remember the heavy steps by which she herself ascended to perfection, but takes it as a gift of nature, or an effort of the will, which every one may attain and hold if they choose. The porch was always clean swept to her, the roses always blooming, the stately ship never once an insignificant acorn, lying ready for chance to root into the soil; and when she is forced to turn back and look upon the process of growth and perfection, she is often unreasonable and petulant, and unwilling to accept, as of every day necessity, the blunders and shortcomings of unformed striving. This is her worst fault—the sunken rock, by which is dangerous steering for all concerned. When not impatient, nor so enamoured of her own skill that she cannot bear the unskillfulness of others, she is the most admirable teacher in the world; a lineal descendant of those brave, old-fashioned mistresses who used formerly to turn out such matchless pupils—heirs and inheritors of increasing wealth, and possessors of an inexhaustible fund of womanly power. A servant, a friend, or a daughter taken from the teaching of a managing woman is sure to be worth more than if from any other hands; and the wiser kind of men are cognisant of the fact; the foolish overlook it. Even when not an actual teacher, her very influence—that quiet, voiceless influence, which follows like a shadow on the footsteps of example, makes her of great value, nay, even of supreme importance, to her neighbours. When others—the young, perhaps, or the thoughtless, or those with ambitious feelings, or those with spendthrift instincts, those who are careless and indifferent, and those craving for beauty, with insufficient means wherewith to supply themselves in the desired proportion—when they see from what small roots the managing woman is able to throw out such lovely flowers, and find that it is to method, order, management, and not to mere brute wealth, that is due all the beauty, niceness, and harmony—all the seeming sufficiency, the fulness which leaves no cracks visible, and lets no joinings show through, whereby her home is so superior to their own and her life so far the richer—will they not, think you, take her example to heart, and learn her precepts by practice? Will they not, perhaps, come to think waste and extravagance a woman's sin, slatternliness and want of care a woman's deformity, poverty of arrangement and the unseemliness which might be avoided, a woman's disgrace? We think so. The world learns more by example than by precept, and a life has ever more imitators than a creed. More in number, if less noisy in protestation, those mute, unseen imitators and followers which swell the torrent of human history, but which enter lower down, and nearer to the sea than where the noisy cataract leaps from one level to another, and proclaims its change of place to all the world around. But many attempt to do by strength of muscle what the managing woman does by force of wit, and money and help and lavishness are called in to effect what care and thought and contrivance have done. Never to a good issue. Need it be again repeated, that money-power is not brain-power, and that what places a managing woman in her chair of glory is, not her means but her method, and the amount of thought which she bestows on the better ordering and perfecting of her life? It is in fact her principle of

regarding outside things as of consequence to the inner life, and growth as not always indigenous, that gives her her special dignity, and makes her "mission" of such large importance.

The managing woman has rarely unruly children. Industrious herself, she compels others to be industrious as well, and thus cuts off a large source of rebellion and disaffection. If somewhat too prone to discipline, and more inclined to repression than to freedom, she does not cultivate weeds or spend her energies in training thorns; and the souls moulded by her have generally a strength and solidity never to be learned from the weakness of indulgence. Yet we do not much incline to her nursery life, save in its mere outside; for she is apt to take too much out of the hands of nature, and to insist over strenuously on the modifying power of the human will; and childhood grows best when there is most tolerance of the present, and trust in the future, and latitude of growth for all time. This is no side-blow at discipline, but merely at interference. On the whole, the managing woman is one of the best impersonations of womanhood. We do not claim for her any ethereal superiority or æsthetic beauty, but she is one of those healthy, practical, helpful women, who serve to bind the looser particles into a more solid mass, and to give a common-sense tone to what else might degenerate into mere fine wire-drawn sentimentality. She is the realization of the material; the infuser of life and beauty into dead bones and dry wood; the builder of the temple, which she leaves to others to light up from within; the worker and the doer, where others are the thinkers and projectors. She is the iron in the veins of womanhood, the clamp which holds the softer clay together. We admire her grand executive faculty, and marvellous power of universal extraction. She is like an alembic, whereinto is thrown a worthless substance, which presently comes out a thing of rare value. Whatever she touches she improves, and she gathers up the ragged threads wherever she finds them flying. It is much to gather up those ragged threads, and darn over all the rents, to smooth out the creases, to hide away the uglinesses, to order and arrange so that everything shall be at its best, and everyone in their fittest place, to have the brain that can combine, the eye that can see, and the hand that can execute: we must not always demand those higher spiritual qualities which are the soul's living food. Meat for the body is good, and material life must be becomingly dealt with; is this less needful because the kitchen-maid is not a priestess, and the housekeeper something lower than an heroine?

## Reviews of Books.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND SERVICES OF SIR JAMES M'GRIGOR, BART.\*

WE have heard a good deal of late years of red-tapism and official routine more particularly in those departments which are most nearly connected with our army and our navy; and the present work is one which throws a little light on what red-tape and routine were at the close of the last, and at the commencement of the present, century. In that light we are disposed to view the "Autobiography of Sir James M'Grigor" as by no means an useless or superfluous contribution to the literary stores which accumulate on our shelves so rapidly. Sir James was, it must be owned, a man not wholly exempt from the charge of being a worshipper of red-tape in the opinion of his juniors and successors; but there is no doubt that he was a man immensely in advance, not merely of his colleagues, but of the age in which his lot was cast; and to him belongs the chief credit of having steadily asserted, on behalf of the army physicians and surgeons, a position and status which they did not collectively enjoy when Wellington fought his first battles in the Peninsula; but which now is both officially and generally recognized. He threw into the service a spirit of zeal and emulation which, to say the least, very much improved the breed of army surgeons; and the intellectual improvement of the profession by throwing open its prizes to merit was soon followed, as is always the case, by a marked advance in its estimation in the eyes of society at large.

James M'Grigor was the son of a merchant of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1771, and was educated in the schools of his native city, whence he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh. Here he had scarcely finished his medical education (which he had selected of his own free choice), when his youthful imagination was fired by meeting with an officer who had lately joined a highland regiment, and whose splendid highland uniform fairly dazzled his untravelled eyes into an enthusiasm for a soldier's life.

Torn thus by conflicting tastes, he resolved to indulge the *diva cupido* of his youth and of his boyhood at the same time, and to become, if possible, at once a soldier and a physician. The army medical department offered him a ready solution, and, indeed, the only solution of his difficulty; and, having done his best to glean all that was to be learnt in the anatomy classes at Edinburgh, and from the professorial lectures at Glasgow, he obtained, by purchase, a commission as surgeon in the Connaught Rangers—an Irish regiment then being embodied, mainly from the county of Galway, under General De Burgh, afterwards Earl of Clanricarde, the head of one portion of the wide-spread house of Burke.

At Chatham and at Jersey, where he was successively quartered, young M'Grigor saw much fighting and drinking among his fellow officers, of whom he tells us some amusing stories. Proceeding thence with his regiment to Ostend, he was present at the sieges of Bergen-op-Zoom and of Nimeguen, and he details the great sufferings and losses inflicted on the army by typhus fever and dysentery, then, as more recently, the scourges which follow in the train of the god of war. Returning to England he was quartered for a time with his regiment at Norwich, at Chelmsford, at Southampton, and other places, when he was suddenly ordered to accompany the expedition to the West Indies. There he went through some amusing incidents; for, being accidentally separated from his comrades, he is given up for dead, and actually, on rejoining them, saw his old shoes occupied—a successor having been gazetted into his supposed vacancy. We have not space to record here his experiences of Barbadoes, Grenada, &c., though full of hair-breadth 'scapes and daring adventures.

In 1798 we find him with the Connaught Rangers at Bombay, at Ceylon, and soon after in Egypt, whither he was sent to take part in the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercromby, carrying with him, most fortunately, a commission from the East-India Company's authorities, as well as from the King, so as to avoid all possibility of professional collision, though it is clear that the medical officers of the former regarded his appointment with some feelings of annoyance. Here he

\* The Autobiography and Services of Sir James M'Grigor, Bart., late Director of the Army Medical Department. With an Appendix of Notes and Original Correspondence. Longmans. 1861.



was aided by the number of followers attached to an Indian regiment in the field, an advantage which enabled him to carry the medical stores with each regiment, and so to dispense with the usual accompaniment of general medical stores. The advantage of the plan is obvious, and was seen in its results. Sir James, we may here remark, published at the time some "Medical Sketches" of this expedition, which tended considerably to increase his reputation.

Not long after his return to England he exchanged from his former regiment into the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, a promotion—for such we may consider it—which brought him much into contact with the Duke of Wellington and with royalty itself. His intercourse with poor old King George III. and his sons, the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Kent, York, and Cumberland, he relates in a pleasant and chatty manner; but, if we are to take an occurrence which happened to himself and the last named royal Duke in the Cathedral at Winchester, not in a style which is calculated to make us wish to find ourselves placed in such close proximity to royalty. Our readers will find the story to which we allude related at length in pp. 206-8.

The next field of duty upon which we find M'Grigor taking part is that of Walcheren, whither he was sent with scarcely an hour's notice, in the hope of being able to do something towards arresting the progress of the fever which was decimating our men engaged in the fatally ill-managed expedition under the Earl of Chatham. On reaching Walcheren he found that little could be done by way of alleviation, and that the only course open to the general in command was to withdraw the remainder of his troops, and return home. Sir James gives a sad picture of the state of things which he found on landing there; and melancholy indeed it is to read such a paragraph as the following:—

"At length Government came to the decision, that from the overwhelming sickness and mortality which had occurred at Walcheren, one of the members of the Army Medical Board should be ordered to proceed thither to investigate and report home. Accordingly the Physician-General to the Army, Sir Lucas Pepys, was ordered to proceed thither. But in an evil hour he declined; and what was his excuse? That he was not acquainted with the diseases of the soldier in camp or in quarters." (The italics are our own.) "Equally unfortunate it was that neither of the other two members volunteered their services. This unfortunate constitution of the Army Medical Board not only excited at the time much ridicule and contempt, but provoked an expression of great indignation in Parliament. In this very awkward state of affairs, none of the members of the Board feeling inclined to adventure a voyage to Walcheren, they ordered two of the oldest medical officers to go out, Dr. Borland, Inspector-General of Hospitals, and Dr. Lempriere, Physician to the Forces, with whom was associated Sir Gilbert Blane, an eminent physician in London, who had been in the navy, and volunteered his services. These three gentlemen went out to see with their own eyes, and report on the state of matters at Walcheren. They remained a few days; saw the pitiable plight of the army, and the immense mass of sickness and mortality; but I believe they could recommend nothing further than the removal of the remains of the army to England from the pestiferous region in which it was located."

For "Walcheren" read "the Crimea," and for "1809" read "the winter of 1854-55," and we cannot but feel grievously conscious that we have need of more than one officer like Sir James M'Grigor to arise in half a century to keep our government up to a sense of its duty towards the soldiers who fight its battles. Our soldiery has suffered too recently from the *ingrata curia fides patrie* for us to forget that in the army medical department, as in every other line of life, not to advance is really to go back.

And now came the crowning success of Sir James M'Grigor's life. The British army in the Peninsula was under an officer who could discern at a glance and appreciate, and, if need be, reward distinguished merit. The Duke was emphatically and essentially a man of order, and of method, and of cool practical common sense, and he valued such qualities in those with whom he was brought into contact. Early in 1812 M'Grigor landed at Lisbon to join the British army in Portugal. Dissatisfied with the provision hitherto made for the sick and wounded soldier, he recommended that regimental hospitals should forthwith be established in the field, instead of having a large general hospital at Lisbon, which henceforth, he urged, should be used only as an invalid establishment for disabled men *en route* for England.

Wellington thanked him for his advice, and, what was still better, resolved to carry it out. They had met before, as casual acquaintances, in India, but were henceforth to be firm friends. The Duke felt that he had a man on whom he could rely, and he steadily and firmly relied on him for advice.

"On my first interview with Lord Wellington, after dining with him on the day of my joining, I found him much pleased with what I had done at the hospitals in Lisbon and Coimbra. He said he much wanted such an officer as myself, who thoroughly understood the duties, and was acquainted with the habits of soldiers, and who would prevent the malingering propensities of both officers and men at the hospital stations, where all sorts of irregularities prevailed; he promised me, too, his utmost support, which from that moment I fully experienced. He dwelt on the little support which he received from some of the heads of departments, whom he freely named, adding that he had to do their duties, as well as to command the army. I replied that it would be my endeavour to prevent his having that trouble with the medical department of the army. We parted on the best terms, and he desired me to come to him every morning, at the same hour with the other heads of departments, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, and the Commissary-General."

Thenceforth, for three years, the autobiography of Sir James is really an *editio altera* of the "History of the Peninsular War," on many of the events of which it throws a light entirely its own; indeed the chapters which relate to it might very well be published separately, as "The Campaigns of 1812-14 regarded from a Medical Point of View."

At the close of the war, the Army Medical Board at home was thoroughly remodelled, and in its new form Sir James M'Grigor was placed at its head, on the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington, who had seen and had tested his worth and ability so thoroughly. He held the office of Director-General of the Army Medical Department from that date until 1850, when he retired from the public service in the 80th year of his age, having been rewarded with a Baronetcy about twenty years before. He nearly lived to see his 88th birthday, dying early in April, 1858. Public monuments are already erected to his memory at Aberdeen and at Edinburgh, and within the last few weeks a site for a public statue of Sir James M'Grigor, near Westminster Abbey, has been granted by the Government.

Such is the brief outline of the life of Sir James M'Grigor as set forth in his "Autobiography." He tells us how, fresh from his Indian and Peninsular experience, he took his seat at the Army Medical Board, anxious to promote reforms in the system which he found in existence.

"My extreme desire was to accomplish fully the object which I had entertained for many years, viz., to turn the reports and returns rendered by the medical officers of the army to the account of science, and the improvement of the officers themselves, instead of devoting them, as was the fashion of the day, to the fiscal concerns of the department, to the economy and the minute expenditure on account of the hospitals, and in fact almost entirely to questions of pounds, shillings, and pence."

It matters comparatively little whether poultices cost 2d. or 1d. each; or whether rags ought to be charged 4d. or 4½d. a-pound; but it is a matter of real importance to the nation at large, to ascertain, from a large and wide induction, what is or ought to be the death-rate of troops on home or foreign stations; what are the statistics of cholera, typhus, or dysentery, in certain localities and under certain conditions. To such subjects as these it was that Sir James M'Grigor devoted his entire attention while he presided at the Board; and, drawn out under his own inspection and upon a plan of his own devising, we now possess a repertory of well-authenticated medical facts, in the shape of statistics, bearing

directly on the health and diseases of armies, arranged systematically in some 335 volumes. "The importance of these returns, as furnishing correct and instructive data for the preservation of the health of the British soldier, was not long in being recognized; and the contents of these volumes," we are told, "were eventually published with the aid of the War-office." Their value, in common with that of medical statistics generally, has been ably set forth in an article in the *Statistical Journal* for 1856, in which the writer speaks most highly of the part which Sir James M'Grigor undertook in this respect.

Still, looking back, in the evening of his life, upon his professional career, even Sir James reproached himself at times for not having carried his reforms to a further extent than he actually did. Like a "canny" Scotchman, he desired to turn everything to the best account, and he felt that, much as he had done, he might have done more:—

"Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum."

As he observes, it is "not only the dictate of humanity, but of a sound policy and real economy, that the State should provide the ablest medical and surgical advice for the soldier when sick or wounded;" and he speaks as a philosopher when he says, in another passage,—"I look upon it to be an implied part of the compact of citizens with the state, that whoever enters the service of his country to fight its battles should be provided with the same quality of medical aid when sick or wounded which he enjoyed as a free citizen." The soldier, when trained and drilled, no doubt is a most expensive article. We have heard medical officers assert that each really effective private cannot be valued to the country at less than from £200 to £250; and it was a public scandal and a shame half a century ago that the private soldier should have been put off with an inferior kind of medical advice to that which he could have procured from the surgeon to the parish workhouse. Feeling this keenly as he did, it is no wonder that, at the conclusion of the war in 1815-16, Sir James M'Grigor's first efforts were directed to the mitigation of this evil, and the consequent elevation of the army medical profession.

With this object in view he urged on the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula to record, in his despatches, as a matter of duty, the services rendered to the sick and wounded by the army medical attendants, who often, of course, are under fire whilst performing their duties on the field of battle. With the same object in view he insisted on having submitted to him tabulated statements, showing the education and services of every medical officer in the army, and gave those who were deficient either in theory or in practice to understand that they stood no chance of promotion until they had made up the leeway in their medical education. Accordingly not a few of his coadjutors, he tells us, betook themselves to the medical schools of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Paris, and Germany, to perfect their studies until they should be recalled to their duties, and be placed on full pay, the latter prospect being held out as a prize. The result was quite equal to his anticipations. "There appeared at once a new spirit of emulation in the service," he wrote (speaking of 1816); and as to its more permanent effects, he asserted in terms which the most competent judges on the subject declare to be in no way overdrawn:—

"The effect of the measure in the advantage gained to the public service has been incalculable; for I can fearlessly assert that in the ranks of the medical officers of the army men are now to be found upon a level at the least with those in the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; and the British soldier now knows that he has as able advice, and is as kindly treated, as when he was a patient of the first hospital or dispensary in the kingdom previous to enlistment."

We need not add a word or remark of our own to such a statement, beyond simply asserting that the man who has mainly contributed to bring about such a result must be classed among those who are "*de patria bene meriti*."

By favour of a medical correspondent we have been favoured with a sight of Mr. Keate's "Observations on the Fifth Report of the Commissioners of Military Enquiry" (1808), in which we find that even at that early date Dr. M'Grigor had displayed some signs of his character as a reformer, by appointing, instead of the old "purveyors," one of the junior medical officers to attend to the duties of hospital supply and finance. The purveyors' post seems to have been a storehouse of jobbery, and, in 1830, while Sir J. M'Grigor was at the head of the army medical service, the office was suppressed entirely. Since the Crimean war, however, the sub-medical department of the purveyors has been again established, and Lord Herbert has given to that body an elaborate organisation, complex rules, and considerable military status, together with high rates of remuneration, so that the control of the purveying duties in the hospitals is no longer really in the hands of the medical officers. It remains to be proved whether this change will be attended with success, and whether the system of the new purveyors will be less replete with jobbery than was that which Sir James M'Grigor found it necessary to suppress so summarily.

Still every picture, however bright, has its shadow, and Sir J. M'Grigor, in advance of his age as he was, would appear, in one respect, to have judged amiss in matters relating to his profession.

From his Autobiography it appears that half a century ago Sir James M'Grigor contended for the sufficiency of the regimental medical system for most or all purposes in the field, and urged that the provision of a general hospital organization in addition involved an unnecessary expense. Accordingly, it is no wonder that when M'Grigor became the head of his profession, the general hospital system was allowed to die out so thoroughly, that at the outbreak of the Crimean war there was not a single general military hospital in the British dominions; and it will be remembered that it is the expressed and recorded opinion of Miss Nightingale, that to the absence of a general hospital organization are mainly to be attributed the horrible sufferings of our gallant fellows at Scutari. Until M'Grigor's time, it was the practice to send out with every foreign expedition a complete medical establishment, consisting of from twenty to thirty persons, with stores of wine, medicines, and other requisites; so that the plan which is now insisted upon as not only proper but necessary to be adopted in case of future wars is not new, as has sometimes been thought and said, but is able to plead in its defence the merits—be they small or great—of prescription.

#### JAPAN, THE AMOOR, AND THE PACIFIC.\*

YE who puzzle over Bradshaw, and expend the provisions of a fortnight on the journey of forty hours, attend to the initiatory sentences of Mr. Tilley, and learn judicious precipitancy, and haste that speeds.

"In September, 1858, an offer was suddenly made me to undertake a voyage round the world. As I am excessively fond of travelling, though my experience of travel had been as yet only that of a student wandering through my own country, France, and Germany, I accepted the proposal with pleasure. And the desire of making such a voyage was increased, when I heard that it was to be on board a Russian ship of war. There was not only the opportunity of seeing strange lands and their peoples, but the facility of studying a class of men almost strangers to us, during the intervening passages at sea.

\* Japan, the Amoor, and the Pacific, with notices of other places, comprised in a Voyage of Circumnavigation in the Imperial Russian Corvette *Rynda*, in 1858-1860. By Henry Arthur Tilley. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1861.

"Two days... sible in our... was on the r... arrival there... Russian squa... home for mo... mounting ca... squadron: "T... touch at any... promised to l...

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Our circu... that was the... to Dutch des... administrati... the people a... Batavia the... weapon, arm... lared." In... lent and bol... venience of a...

About Mar... Tagal people... way to demo... Europe acce... laughs at. I... refused to fir... not be return... of a man wh... The obstinate... fancied slight... seven days f... *Ascolde*, a Ru... typhoon enco... of the officer... severing a st... Mr. Tilley ob... grey marl is... Japan does...

goods, with a... ignorance. B... the Japanese... description o... The civilized... China, and f... able people. in Germany... religion and i... blush, would... literature so... tea-houses, th... may be seen... sitting behind... some two-sw... Japan life, so... these eastern... form. There... ment among... laws, and the... panion in Jap...

Government... measures. I... councillors, th... sion goes ag... opposition are... are called up... selves in the... abundant poli... across his sto... to believe in... set against in... doubts wheth... which has its... like the two... Free intercou... it will only b...



"Two days only were allowed me to prepare for a voyage of two years; but what is not possible in our land of railways, telegraphs, and sewing machines? The second night, therefore, I was on the road to Paris; the third day passing through Brittany on my way to Brest. On my arrival there I was most kindly received by Commodore Popoff, the Commander of the little Russian squadron, and by him introduced on board his ship, the *Rynda*, which was to be my home for more than two years. Two black-looking corvettes, called the *Rynda* and *Gudin*, mounting each eleven guns, and a clipper gunboat, called the *Opritchnik*, comprised the squadron. Their destination was the Amoor River; but as the Commander had full liberty to touch at any ports he pleased, and as he was himself a curious and enterprising man, the voyage promised to be very interesting."

The voyage has not only kept its promise to its spirited undertaker, but he has transferred its interest to his readers by close observation and lively description. The track of the *Rynda*, after passing out of the home seas, ran through the most "popular" latitudes and longitudes of the day. Teneriffe, Rio Janeiro, and the Cape were successively touched at; and the author's observations on the people and country of each are tinged, by association and sympathy, with a Russian colour, which makes them new and noteworthy. From the Cape the squadron passes to Batavia, to whose fat fields and brimming exchequer Mr. Money has just directed English eyes. At Singapore, their next station, the circumnavigators had afforded them a direct and ready contrast with the spirit of Dutch administration in the East, not in all respects advantageous to English rule.

Leaving the great store-shop of the Eastern waters, the Russians steered for Manilla, and from Manilla by Shanghai to Japan—that promised land of modern enterprise, into whose half-opened gates the merchants of all nations look wistfully. Mr. Tilley has turned his stay in Japanese towns to such advantage that his account of their life and scenes is richer and fuller than any previously given us, and will be read with extreme interest. The design of the Muscovite expedition necessitated a long delay about the imperial ports, and Russian tact and decision gave its members great advantages of information. From Japan we are taken with Mr. Tilley to that river, the seventh in the world's list for volume and watershed, whose banks are fast merging into the colossal Russian empire. On the Amoor the author shows us the actual position and condition of those Russian settlements which Mr. Atkinson visited, and in which the unfortunate Petropaulovski failure aroused a high interest. If this be not enough of appetizing "viatic," the reader's taste is yet further tempted by a sojourn at San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands. Tahiti, its native brunettes, and the French protectorate, bring our traveller to the Magellan Straits and Monte Video, whence the squadron stretches for Plymouth harbour, casting anchor there after a voyage of two years. On this long and changing path the reader follows the author in pleasant companionship, convinced that, wherever it brought him, it brought a gentleman and a man of good sense and feeling.

Our circumnavigator endorses Mr. Money's eulogium of Batavia. The town that was the charnel-house of the East is really become a delightful place, thanks to Dutch despotism and whitewash. But every account shows that the Dutch administration triumphs only by an autocratic action, which will be resisted by the people at the moment when it ceases to be obviously beneficial to them. In Batavia the natives are under close control. Mr. Tilley depicts the bidental weapon, armed with thorns, with which the unhappy Javanese offender is "coloured." In Singapore English moderation has made the motley populace insolent and bold; and the traveller prefers with plausible reason the order and convenience of a paternal despotism.

About Manilla, with its cigar manufactories, its cock-fights, and its picturesque Tagal people, the author has little to communicate that is new. He diverges by the way to demolish that extravagant book, the "Vingt Ans aux Philippines," which Europe accepted from M. Gironniere with credulous astonishment, and Manilla laughs at. It is polite and proper in him to apologise for his Russian friends, who refused to fire a salute at Hong-Kong on the Queen's birthday, because it would not be returned. But the excuse leaves the Russian commander in the position of a man who was either ignorant of national good manners, or despised them. The obstinate Tartar blood shows quickly through the smooth Russian skin, if a fancied slight stirs its thick current. The *Rynda* made the port of Nangasaki in seven days from Hong-Kong, rendezvousing there with all her consorts. The *Ascolde*, a Russian frigate, was also in harbour for repairing the damages of a typhoon encountered eight months before, and containing among the crew some of the officers of the *Aurora* and *Diana*, after which our cruisers kept up so persevering a stern-chase in the Russian war, ending with its proverbial failure. Mr. Tilley observes that the port of Nangasaki is the only spot where the fine grey marl is obtained for the celebrated "egg-shell" china.

Japan does not improve upon acquaintance. The country is lacquered, like its goods, with a fair outside, and the gold and gloss cover a good deal of vice and ignorance. Differing from the Chinese in many points, and cordially hating them, the Japanese present a community of the same monotonous character, so that a description of one town or port suffices for the whole stereotyped empire. The civilized barbarism of Japan is, however, an advance upon the stagnation of China, and for intelligence and industry the Japanese are undoubtedly a remarkable people. Books, Mr. Tilley tells us, are more widely circulated in Japan than in Germany, and public libraries are common; but their literature is devoted to religion and intrigue, and the novels of Nangasaki, sold by young girls without a blush, would shame Holywell-street, and put M. de Kock to his pruderies. As in literature so in public edifices; the principal buildings of Japan are temples and tea-houses, these last being the abode of the Niponese courtesans. Here they may be seen dressed in scarlet and gold embroidery, with flowers in their hair, sitting behind the bamboo screen, or shuffling off to join a revel at the house of some two-sworded official, to which they have been bidden. The courtesies of Japan life, so much be-praised of late, seem to resolve themselves into the arts of these eastern Phrynes, and the tedious salutations prescribed by conventional form. There exists, however, a large substratum of domestic virtue and enjoyment among the people; they are naturally hospitable in spite of their exclusive laws, and the wife—a slave and beast of burden in China—is a cherished companion in Japan.

Government in Yedo is no sinecure, when a Minister stakes his life upon his measures. If the Tycoon, for instance, the temporal emperor, disagrees with his councillors, the matter is referred to the committee of princes. If their decision goes against him, he must resign; if against the councillors, those in opposition are expected to commit suicide. Blundering generals or statesmen are called upon to disembarass themselves of their bowels, and the state of themselves in the same manner. A small sword is usually presented with the most abundant politeness by the successor of the unfortunate officer, who draws its edge across his stomach, as one who has done with this world, and is too good a Buddhist to believe in any other. It is the Government, rather than the people, who are set against innovation, and the admission of foreigners. But Mr. Tilley gravely doubts whether any great extension of trade can be expected from a country which has its own cheap and abundant linens and cottons, and possesses nothing like the two great commodities of China, silk and tea, to set against imports. Free intercourse may develop the immense mineral resources of the islands, but it will only be obtained by gradual and judicious advances. The Government

opposes concession by any and every course, and must be dealt with firmly but temperately.

"One merchant I knew," says Mr. Tilley, "had bought a large quantity of produce from a sample, and was to have paid for it and taken it away on the morrow. He thought his bargain complete, but he could not obtain the coin, and when at last he received it, at the comptoir, he was informed with many regrets that the goods had been sold by mistake and taken away. Complaints being made to the authorities, the answer was, they could not compel the merchants to sell their produce, and that the man in question had not been aware that the goods were already sold, when he made his bargain. And all the while the produce was in the warehouse of the merchant."

The Japanese official is, indeed, in a dilemma. If he encourages the foreigners he cannot tell how soon the small sword and a message of great respect may absolve him from his duties; and if he affronts them, their terrible cannon may at a moment be levelling his bamboo city.

Not even Russian caution could avoid a difficulty with the jealous authorities. During the stay of Count Mouravieff at Yedo (to whose suite our author was temporarily attached), a party of Russians was set upon, and an officer and sailor killed. The perpetrators of this outrage were never delivered up, and the author ascribes this apathy to the strong feeling of the Japanese Government against foreigners. His note is confirmatory of this view, since the Russians were known to be treating for Japanese territory, although the conference for the cession of Sagalien opened only the day after the murder. Relations are growing more and more embarrassed between the Japanese and their visitors, and Mr. Tilley undeceives the Americans, who fancy that they, at any rate, have established a favourable feeling in Japan on behalf of America.

This division of the volume is full of picturesque sketches of Niponese manners, in the study of which its author spent much time and labour. We have space only for one little picture from his portfolio, illustrating Yedo municipality and the author's pleasing style:—

"Every day," he writes, "I made some excursion in different directions of the town, either alone, or attended by an officer. If alone, I never proceeded many yards before a crowd collected and followed my steps. When I entered a street or ward, the wardens on duty came out of their houses, marched before me jingling their iron rods of office, and conducted me thus to the next ward or street, where others took their place. The wardens are shopkeepers or others, taking their turn of duty in rotation, and responsible for the time for the good order of their ward. Their badge of office is an iron bar five feet long, having two rings at the top, which make a loud jingling as they strike the rod on the ground at every step, warning all evil-doers of their approach. The little guard-house at the gates of the ward is occupied by men with two swords, officers either of the police or of the imperial army. There they sit on their soles, before their tobacco-boxes, smoking a little, nodding a little, drinking now and then a little cup of tea, or writing down the reports of messengers, the transactions of their posts, or whatever they may observe, ordinary or extraordinary, in the street. I have often entered their little boxes, taken a cup of tea, smoked a pipe, and amused them and myself by the various methods we took of understanding one another. Sometimes I found one surly, and perhaps not desirous of my company, but it was very rare. What ceremonies, prostrations, etiquette I there observed! What bending of backs, rubbing of knees, strong whistling inhalations of the breath, and untiring jabber of tongues! The change of guard was a long job, each party trying to outdo the other with obsequious politeness before they came to business; when that was completed, the raiment had to be arranged, the two swords placed jauntily in the obi or silk scarf worn round the waist, the various under dresses folded more gracefully over the naked bosom, the target hat placed on the head, or the fan outspread; and then the gallant gentleman would take up his book, spend another five minutes in parting salutations to his successor, ere he shuffled off to report, and then home, or to the tea-house."

From Japan the *Rynda* sailed to the sand-choked mouth of the Amoor, the river on which Russia is seeking to found a new Asiatic empire. The entire left bank, and a large expanse of land upon the right, has been acquired for her by the downright diplomacy of the governors of East Siberia. Mr. Tilley's account of these regions, scarcely thought of until the Russian war, but vast in extent and resources, will be read with interest. Nicholaïosk is the present chief settlement of the new territory, 25 miles from the mouth of the river. The Russians have there a battalion of Cossacks and a fleet equipage, with civilians, peasants, and 250 women. But the climate of the country is execrable, its asperities of surface extreme, and many years must elapse before the Amoor is anything except an unfrequented track to Siberia, and a station for Russian vessels cruising the North Pacific waters. Russian diplomacy, however, confiding in the future, has just obtained Sagalien from the Japanese, and dreams of great destinies. At present they are only dreams; and the best advantage of the Amoor colony to St. Petersburg is in the training of her sailors and officers by the long voyage thither. By land the colony is hardly to be reached. In the war a regiment of Cossacks was marched from Irkutsk to Petropaulovski. They lost in the marshes and forests of the interior nearly all their number, and the forty men who reached the coast had supported life on the corpses of their starved and fever-stricken companions.

We could willingly follow Mr. Tilley on the road he renders so easy and pleasant, to the South Sea Islands and South America, the west stations of the Muscovite squadron. But we have written enough to exhibit the style and the character of his volume, and we must leave it to his readers. In the beautiful islands of the Southern Sea the stay of the *Rynda* gave full opportunity for observing the life of its soft and dissolute people; and at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres Mr. Tilley closes the series of his experiences. He returned to Plymouth, after an absence of two years. If the recollection of them affords the traveller as much pleasure as their record will give the reader, the *Rynda* will be affectionately remembered by him.

#### ANCIENT BRITAIN.\*

THERE is no antiquary who has worked harder or done more good and serviceable work than Mr. Wright. He has certainly been one of the chief instruments in raising up the modern science of archaeology, and his popular books on antiquities are not only sound in their teachings but are very valuable epitomes of the present state of the interesting science of which they treat. This is especially the case with the book before us—"The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon." In it those relics of our forefathers which the spade or the plough turn up everywhere over our land have not only their typical forms, faithfully figured and described, and are no longer treated as mere curiosities, but they are made to add their testimony to the ways, and manners, and doings of the ancient inhabitants of our country. Every page is instructive in the pre-scriptural and unrecorded history of our land. Of his facts we may always be certain, but we think that, as a carpenter recommends wood and a blacksmith iron, so Mr. Wright has rather a tendency to Romanization. We believe the Romans did a great deal in modifying the face of England, but we do not think they so far destroyed its older face but that very considerable portions of it still remain buried beneath the surface. The opening chapter being devoted to the Britons has elicited from us thus early these remarks. The ethnological views and the accounts of the political movements in Gaul, Caesar's invasion, the conquests of the earlier Proprietors, and many other topics, are very clearly and excellently put, but we are averse to the attempt made to reduce the almost generally presumed high antiquity of the cromlechs and stone circles. Doubtless, amongst the various objects of this class there are many of very different dates, but we think

\* The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon. By Thos. Wright, F.S.A. Second edition. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1861.



that the so-called discoveries of Roman antiquities in the vicinities of some of them should be carefully looked into, as should also those cases where burials near them are said to have taken place. The discovery of the flint implements of primitive peoples in geological deposits, so extensively found over such large geographical areas as to lead us to anticipate their universal distribution in the superficial strata of our globe, and the certain knowledge that our country was thickly inhabited by tribes who had attained to some degree of civilisation before the Roman invasion, and possessed a distinct religious worship, should lead us to seek for the evidences of older antiquities than those of the Roman era, with the sculptured monuments of which those rude unchiselled blocks which are scattered at intervals not only over our own land, but over far distant countries, but little accord.

In writing on stone implements, Mr. Wright comments on the fact that it has been often somewhat hastily assumed that, where such are found, the peoples were unacquainted with the art of working metals, and he points out very properly that it is quite evident, in very many cases, that both stone and metal were in use together at the same period. In the tumuli, in Wiltshire, stone arrow-heads are usually found with bronze daggers. In Derbyshire, stone implements are found not only with bronze but with iron. But the example of Carderlowe, in which, with a number of flint implements, a bronze dagger and iron knife were found, and in which it is admitted there had been probably interments at more than one period, the bronze dagger being found in a lower, and therefore older deposit than that containing the flints, shows also that the greatest care is required in obtaining such antiquities, to avoid the commingling by the spade or mattock of objects of very different ages, and the consequent falsification of the evidence. The mere digging into the ground and turning out so many objects, is not sufficiently a scientific proceeding; but layer by layer of soil should be removed, and the contents of each noted, as has been done by geologists in their recent cavern researches.

This early British history is, however, as yet, debateable ground, and Mr. Wright has been and still is one of the most active pioneers in levelling obstacles, and clearing a firm road for future investigation.

But when we come to the Roman history of Britain, Mr. Wright is really great; and we have Roman towns, walls, towers, gates, materials and modes of construction, hypocausts, basilicas, amphitheatres, and burial-places described in the language of a thorough master. Assuredly the Roman age is a subject of interest to us all, and we thank the man who, from the contemplation of chaste and beautiful pottery, and the exquisite patterns of the tessellated pavements which display its luxuriousness, leads us on to a better knowledge of the great people who rough-hewed the first outlines of modern civilization.

The chapter on the ethnological character of the Roman population in Britain is very good. It is well pointed out that when Rome first established colonies they were composed purely of Roman citizens, usually veterans, or soldiers who, having completed their time, were no longer compelled to serve, except in defending the town and territory which was given to them. But, as their conquests extended, the Roman legions were accompanied with numerous bodies of auxiliaries, raised from the countries which had been successively subdued, and it then became their policy to transplant, under the name of auxiliaries, colonies from one nation to another, and thus not only to gradually amalgamate the different peoples who composed the empire, but to establish effective defences without exhausting the central force. Britain was thus parcelled out amongst colonies:—Dover, in Kent, was held by Tungrians; Reculver by Belgians; Lympne by Gauls from Tournay; Pevensey, in Sussex, by Spaniards; Broughton, in Lincolnshire, by Dalmatians; and Doncaster, in Yorkshire, by Pannonians. Nor were those in temporary quarters to be changed at pleasure, for the inscriptions on altars and tombstones show that many had remained in the same place from a very early period of Roman occupation, in some of them it being stated that they had been set up by the heirs of the deceased, which proves sufficiently that these men were possessors of the land. We see still more how people from all parts of the world came to intermingle in our island when we compare their names as they occur in inscriptions; and, perhaps, if we could compare closely the names of Romano-British towns with those of foreign countries from which their founders came, we should find, as in British America of the present day, that very many of them were more or less commemorative of the lands the auxiliaries had left. Instances have also been met with among Roman remains of inscriptions, scratched on bowls and other articles, in languages of which we are now in ignorance.

In this edition an excellent account is given of the great Roman Uraconium—the modern Wroxeter—the recent excavations at which place have excited so much interest.

We come now to the Saxons; and commencing with their first landing, and the historical legends respecting that and subsequent events, the author passes on from their wars to their barrows and graves, their arms, personal ornaments and jewellery, pottery, glass, and coins; concluding with an able disquisition on their towns, their government, and their roads. That this portion is equally well done with the Roman might have been anticipated from the eminence Mr. Wright has attained as a Saxon scholar. Viewing the substance of the book for the solidity of its information, and the abundance of the excellent woodcuts with which it is copiously illustrated for their faithfulness of representation, British archaeologists may feel proud of such an excellent text-book for the most interesting portion of their science, as one that not only well represents it, but that is likely also to induce numerous recruits to the ranks of their already large army of tried soldiers.

#### CRISPIN KEN.\*

It is impossible either to praise or to blame this remarkable book unreservedly. In reply to some of the criticisms which it has provoked, the author has circulated a statement "that the materials have nearly all been supplied from real 'Evangelical' sources, and that he is chiefly indebted to such sources for the story of Crispin Ken." We may not doubt the word of an accomplished and frank-hearted gentleman such as the work before us proves the author to be; but his statement only furnishes an additional proof of the old adage, that "Truth is stranger than fiction," while our belief in that statement does not shake our judgment that the whole plot of the book is a sin against good taste. Lord Macaulay ventured, even while treating of historical composition, to speak of "a certain exaggeration" as necessary to produce the effect desired by the historian, comparing him, as an artist, to a portrait painter. The comparison would have applied with at least equal effect to the opposite art of softening down. And indeed the noble writer himself was at least as great an adept in this department of descriptive skill as in the other. Of the propriety of either artifice in a history, we have very serious doubts; but that the employment of both, that heightening and softening are legitimate and, indeed, indispensable in works of fiction which are to earn themselves an enduring name, we have no doubt whatever. In all

\* Crispin Ken. Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1861.

Shakspeare's plays, in all Scott's novels, there is but one irredeemable villain, Iago and Varney; both, it is most remarkable, being urged on by nearly similar motives, to similar crimes. And even these, the most odious wretches drawn by the greatest masters that have ever existed, commit but one crime apiece. But in this book the favourite criminal is loaded with a multiplicity of guilt at which our instinct revolts; so that we cannot avoid feeling that in a case in which, if it be founded on fact, the most careful softening was required, the most monstrous heightening has been needlessly employed.

As the writer's principal aim is to show the superiority of the High Church to the Low Church doctrines, Mr. Ruy Lyle is made a shining light among the Evangelicals—he professes as much as Lord Shaftesbury, is as winning as Mr. Gladstone, as liberal as Miss Coutts. With these attributes he combines others which Sir John Paul, Colonel Waugh, and Mr. Palmer found less conducive to their ultimate prosperity—he is a hypocrite, a gambler, one who frequents race-courses in disguise, with his head full of bets and his pocket full of tracts; he wishes to be a bigamist; he compels his wife, even after announcing to her that he has never cared for her, to murder her own father to procure him some money to pay his bets; he murders his own son himself; he tries to murder his stepson, to prevent his marrying the lady whom he hopes to seduce by an illegal marriage; and when dying, from no particular disease that we can discover, but apparently only to escape being hanged, he confesses his atrocities with great coolness to the real hero, Crispin Ken, who had always suspected him, merely because he observed that "he never looked people in the face." The character may be drawn from the life, but we think it would have gained in effect by having the quantity and variety of its crimes thrown a little more into the shade. If Medea may not kill her children, nor Atreus eat his on the stage, the injunction is given not so much to save the nerves of the spectators as to avoid shocking their instincts of propriety. In fact, as the author has experienced by the criticisms which he deprecates, a picture too faithfully drawn appears to be overdrawn, and by that appearance disarms itself both of its effect as a work of art, and of the beneficial influence which it aims to exert as a work of truth.

There is the usual stock of secondary characters, with the usual secondary incidents. Crispin Ken's father is a clergyman, whose bitter poverty is, we fear, but too truly painted; yet it is introduced to point a moral of which we question the correctness. From an amiable love of peace, he concedes everything to the Dissenters. Crispin, who succeeds him in his cure, recalls his concessions, and re-establishes the Church in her legitimate authority. Reuben Ken starves, in our eyes, because he had but £60 a year, and a large family; but, according to our author, because of his concessions, since on the very same income Crispin, who concedes nothing, lives comfortably. We who, with all the decision of character on which we pride ourselves, have this very week seen 10d. a pound marked in our butcher's bill, should be apt to doubt whether firmness had so desirable an effect on any less sufficient testimony.

There is a story of true love also; and at last Ruy Lyle's stepson unexpectedly succeeds to the large property he leaves behind him, marries Crispin Ken's sister, and the curtain drops on a scene of perfect and lasting happiness.

But while we venture thus to blame the taste with which the book is planned, we must, at the same time, commend the execution. Earnestness and sincerity are visible in the whole purpose of the writer, and his book evinces throughout much power of language and description, and a good deal of genial humour. We are almost afraid that the passages from Reuben Ken's journal must be genuine:—

"Dec. 4.—This day I have had to pay the doctor's bill, which seemed a long one; but I may not think so, for we have all been sick at times of late. He has dealt fairly with me, and it is for two years' watchfulness of Jack, whose leg, I fear, rather shortens. I must give up something to pay this doctor's bill. I have told Edith she must stay all butcher's meat for a short season. She says we shall do well, but I do not know how we can do much worse. I would not tell her this, but I must be for weeks without a shilling in the house."—Vol. I. 124.

The dissenting preacher's account of his own motives is probably a pretty faithful portrait of many of his fellows, though we may be allowed to doubt its coming from such a source:—

"I haven't given up chapel, and it isn't very likely I shall, for that's what makes the most of such as me. In the Church we ain't anything; we may have plenty to say, but you won't hear us. But in the chapel, if we know ever so little, that don't hinder us from talking; we are something, and plenty come to hear us."—Vol. I. 237.

Our author is equally at home on the turf, and discusses Robinson's seat and Job Masson's power of finishing with as severe an appreciation as could be shown by "the Admiral" himself; and his description of the sanguine eagerness that watches for the event of the Derby is drawn with great fidelity to nature:—

"The last five minutes before the Derby is run off is worse than waiting for the man to die that you believe will leave you money. There is nothing quite like it in the world besides. Every one has gathered there to see what will be done in about three minutes of time. Parliament has decided not to sit, so that it may share in seeing the issue. . . . No one comes there upon those Downs to think that he will lose; or there are those who could never sit and hear that bell begin to ring. The young must become old, and the youngest grey as he searches for his horse as Tattenham Corner is well passed. It is a bit of life that you will not see anywhere upon this earth but in those Downs upon that day. 'To hear those throats gurgling up the name that ought to win; to see those eyes fixed on the horse that must not lose.'"—Vol. II. 129.

If we are correct in our view of the good and bad points of this book, it is plain that it is one which, taken altogether, shows considerable talent. Practice will teach the author to avoid the defects of conception which we have mentioned; the same practice will add force to his descriptive fidelity, and point to his humour; so that we may reasonably look forward to seeing him at no distant time, in some new work, take a high place among the living authors of fiction.

#### POEMS BY PHILIP FRENEAU.\*

THIS is a very curious volume, and well worthy of being read, not on account of its superior merits as a collection of poems, but as illustrative of the times in which it was written; that is, as an accurate reflector of the furious passions which raged on the other side of the Atlantic, whilst the English King was engaged in a conflict with his insurgent North American colonies. The person who wishes to know thoroughly and accurately a history of past events will seldom be satisfied with the details of all great battles, and the stipulations of important treaties, with a knowledge of circumstances that are patent to all the world—that lie upon the surface—and the mastering of which may, with some slight trouble, be readily acquired. The earnest student will proceed somewhat farther in his researches; he will, if possible, obtain a sight of the secret despatches of ambassadors, the confidential letters of statesmen, the opinions of contemporaries to those events, whether expressed in documents not intended for the public view, or consigned to the press for the purpose of influencing the feelings, or guiding the judgment of those whose interests, whose fortunes, or whose lives

\* "Poems on various Subjects, but chiefly illustrative of the Events and Actors in the American War of Independence." By Philip Freneau. Reprinted from the rare Edition printed at Philadelphia in 1796. With a Preface. London: John Russell Smith, Soho-square. 1861.

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are about to be involved in the result of a battle, or in the mode and terms a treaty of peace to be ratified. It is only in these—the subordinate records of a nation—can be found an accurate exponent of the manners, the times, and the men, amidst whom great events have occurred, and it is only through them we can feel quite sure we are in a position properly to appreciate the conduct of individuals by whose virtues, or, it may be, vices, important changes or great revolutions in the fate of nations have been effected.

"The Poems" of Philip Freneau are valuable historical aids to a knowledge of the condition of society in America during the period the new States were making a desperate struggle to shake themselves free of their dependence upon the British Crown. Their author, according to the account given of him in the preface, was by no means either an illustrious or an influential individual. His position was that of a writer in newspapers, at a period when journalism had not risen to the dignity of a profession; and when the general feeling entertained towards all newspaper editors was somewhat like that expressed in the old play of "The Fall of Sejanus":—

"Then there is one Cremulius  
Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got  
To gather notes of the precedent times  
And make them into Annals. A most tart  
And bitter spirit."

The volume before us shows that Philip Freneau, as "a writing fellow" was "a most tart and bitter spirit," for he is unmeasured in his abuse of other newspaper editors, such as Rivington and Gaine, and, at a later period (as we learn from the preface), of the celebrated William Cobbett. One merit, however, Freneau possessed, and that merit imparts peculiar value to this collection—he was a consistent politician, an enthusiast in the maintenance of his principles, a thoroughly hearty and perfectly sincere hater of every one opposed to himself and them. He represents, we have not the slightest doubt, what were the sentiments universally entertained by the revolted colonists towards this country, its sovereign and statesmen, at the period of the struggle, and which, after the peace acknowledging their independence, still rankled in their minds.

This last fact, of which little notion was entertained in this country, is made apparent by the following lines, extracted from stanzas said to be written "on the king's speech recommending peace with the American states." To this invitation for the establishment of perfect peace and complete amity between England and the United States, the unforgiving and remorseless "writing fellow" thus replies, not only repudiating all notions of future friendship, but likewise all commercial dealings between the two countries:—

"Curs'd be the ship that e'er sets sail  
Hence, freighted for thy odious shore;  
May tempests o'er her strength prevail,  
Destruction round her roar!  
May Nature all her aids deny,  
The sun refuse his light,  
The needle from its object fly,  
No star appear by night;  
'Till the base pilot, conscious of his crime,  
Directs the prow to some more grateful clime!"

Alas! for poor Freneau, and his intense hatred of England, how utterly unavailing were such hostile wishes and inimical prayers! The weekly communication by steam, the establishment of packets, the Cunard and Collins "lines," the rivalry to promote intercourse between the States and England; nay, the last events in connection with the professed promotion of that intercourse—the peril of the Palmerston ministry arising out of "the Galway and New York" project,—all demonstrate that events cannot be controlled nor the interests of nations influenced by the vindictive feelings of infuriated poets or enraged politicians.

There is a notion very generally entertained by persons best read in the history of the closing years of the last century, that amongst the English generals and statesmen of the time a very high place should be awarded to Lord Cornwallis, for his decidedly humane disposition, his desire never to shed blood unnecessarily, his anxiety, whenever the opportunity fairly presented itself, to spare the effusion of blood. In India, in America, and in Ireland, it has always been believed he proved himself a man who would not, if in his power to prevent it, allow tyrannous acts to be perpetrated, nor cruelty to be practised. Defects in his policy and administrative powers in other respects are discoverable; but of his "humanity" there is an universal feeling in these countries that it had been on all occasions apparent alike to foes and friends. It is of this mild-tempered and truly benevolent nobleman Philip Freneau thus wrote in 1781, when his lordship was encamped at York, and awaiting an attack by Washington and the French forces.

"Hail, great destroyer (equall'd yet by none)  
Of countries not thy master, nor their own;  
Hatch'd by some demon on a stormy day,  
Satan's best substitute to burn and slay,  
Confined at last, hemm'd in by land and sea,  
Burgoyne himself was but a type of thee!  
Like his to freedom was thy deadly hate,  
Like his thy baseness, and be his thy fate.  
"What has your lordship's pilfering arms attain'd?  
Vast stores of plunder but no state regain'd—  
That may return, through you perhaps may groan;  
Restore it, ruffian, for 'tis not your own—  
Then lord and soldier, heading to the brine,  
Rush down at once—the devil and the swine.  
Would'st thou at last with Washington engage,  
Sad object of his pity, not his rage?  
See, round thy posts, how terribly advance  
The chiefs, the armies, and the fleets of France;  
Fight while you can, for warlike Rochambeau  
Aims at your head his last decisive blow.  
Unnumber'd ghosts, from earth untimely sped,  
Can take no rest till you, like them, are dead."

As there is very generally a feeling of respect for the memory of Lord Cornwallis, so is there also prevalent in these countries a notion that "Paul Jones, the pirate," was an utterly base and contemptible character—a wretch who acted like a common thief and housebreaker when he landed on the British coast, despoiling, amongst others, the mansion of the nobleman who had in his youth and poverty acted as a generous patron and benefactor towards him. But as Lord Cornwallis was the subject of unmeasured abuse with the American poet Freneau, so is "Paul Jones, the Pirate," the object of outrageous admiration! A single verse from the poem "On the Memorable Victory obtained by the gallant Paul Jones," shows how extreme was the enthusiastic admiration of Freneau for "the sea rover."

"But thou, brave JONES, no blame shalt bear;  
The rights of men demand thy care;  
For these you dare the greedy waves—  
No tyrant on destruction bent  
Has plann'd thy conquests. Thou art sent  
To humble tyrants and their slaves."

These few extracts must suffice as specimens of a volume to which peculiar interest deserves to be attached from its curious disclosure of the feelings prevalent

at the eventful time when most of its materials were composed. The writer in a party newspaper, at a period when men's passions are strongly excited, is but the representative of sentiments intensely felt, and thrilling in the breasts of a large portion of the community. The sentiments may be vile, wicked, even scandalous, a disgrace to those by whom they are entertained, or they may be the very reverse. The consideration in investigating them should not be, in the first instance, as to their propriety or impropriety, but the positive verification of their existence. "Are such sentiments really entertained?" "Do they influence men's actions?" Then if they do, the ascertainment of their existence is a most important fact, perhaps the most important of all facts, for with the knowledge of that fact we may discover a clear path through the most obscure mazes of by-gone history. Freneau's poems help us to the knowledge of such a fact in reference to the war of the Revolution; whilst, as to himself, his malignity, his vituperation, his injustice, and his slanders, they are, in themselves, but matters of secondary consideration, and of the smallest possible consequence.

We may say of him, as the old dramatist scornfully spoke of the news-letter-writers of his day:—

"Those are the gallant spirits o' the age!  
The miracles of the time! that can cry up  
And down men's wits! and set what rate on things  
Their half-brain'd fancies please!"

Philip Freneau was, it must be added to his credit, a much better man than some, at least, of the newspaper writers to whom he as a journalist was opposed. More than one of these (as we infer from the preface) was, whilst professing English Toryism, acting as a spy for the American Republicans. In talent, too, he was more highly gifted than any person then immediately or remotely connected with the press, Benjamin Franklin excepted; for some of the poems inserted in this volume will be found remarkable for purity of style, sweetness of verse, and aptness of expression. The book is of value, first, on account of its importance as an historical document; and secondly, because it brings before the British public an English poet whose compositions should no longer be permitted to slumber in obscurity.

#### WHATELY'S LECTURES AND REVIEWS.\*

Few writings are more curiously illustrative of a peculiar phase of English speculation than Dr. Whately's. Individual thought, strong, sturdy, never broad, never profound, always ingenious, idiomatically and racily expressed, in whole-some insular ignorance of the deeper labours of deeper thinkers, such are the main characteristics of the Archbishop of Dublin. Cato, applying Roman sense to Greek speculation; Voss, pounding the symbolical labours of Creuzer with honest hammer and tongs; and the Irish archbishop writing the mythological life of Napoleon, are all types of the same order of intellect, the same class of merits, and the same catalogue of impotencies. All logicians remember the pitiless article of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which Sir William Hamilton, the greatest logician at that time in Europe, reviewed the archbishop's new version of good old Dean Aldrich's logic. England, said Sir William Hamilton, with his usual broad sweep of sarcasm, was the only country in which men wrote scientific books on scientific subjects, without bothering themselves to inquire what other men had written before them. After all, logic is logic all the world over. It could not be very different now-adays to what it was when Aristotle defined it. Once settled, there it was a possession for ever. What need of grubbing up the Stagyrte to write an English treatise? Where was the use of asking Germany and France what they had done in the matter? Thank heaven, an Englishman's brain was at least as good as a German's or a Frenchman's, and an Irish brain not a whit behind any of them.

So Dr. Whately dusted his Aldrich and thought for himself. The result was a book, full of fresh, narrow thought and vigour, just suited to the demands of the time; and, indeed, it has remained a text book ever since, despite the Hamiltons, De Morgans, Browns, Mansels, *et hoc omne genus illustre*. Of course, if we are asked which we prefer, English common sense or apocryphal dreams of science, falsely so called, our answer is simple enough. But between common sense and false science lies the science which is true, and which, though founded on common sense, is not exactly coincident with common sense, any more than are the lunar theory or the differential calculus with the axioms of Euclid, or the ocular inspection of the moon. We are only painting Dr. Whately in his true character as a man of independent thought. Unquestionably he who, at the age of twenty, and with a good head on his shoulders, should resolve upon taking up staff and wallet, and devote the rest of his life to the inspection of his native island, would have a good deal to say for himself by the time he reached sixty. But for all that, we live in days of railway, steam, and telegraph—of results, in fact, which are the harvest and accumulation of centuries of thought on the part of successive generations of the world's greatest minds; and he who makes use of these results with ordinary sense, achieves triumphs which, compared with what can be done without them, are in the proportion of the elephant to the mite in a cheese. So it is in matters of science and the investigation of truth. Dr. Whately's mind was naturally strong enough to cope with German labours, and of all others would have derived a prolific benefit from the adoption of a more scientific harness. The story of David and Goliath has its moral; but the Archbishop's sling and his smooth pebble is not a match for the spirit of the times.

The lectures now presented in a collected form to the public have already appeared in print, separately, at various times; and whenever such papers deserve it, as these undoubtedly do in their way, their consolidated reappearance is always welcome. Some articles, we are told, have been added from the *Quarterly Review*, and from the *London Review*—a periodical which, we take this opportunity of informing our readers, was discontinued after two numbers. The *Review* of Miss Austen's works was published some time ago, curiously enough, through a mistake, in a collection of Sir Walter Scott's Remains. He had written, in an earlier number of the *Quarterly*, an article on some other works of the same author; and it was thus that the mistake originated. We give these details because, before purchasing a volume, it is agreeable to readers living at a distance to know which of the essays of a favourite author they may expect to find. The volume comprises eight lectures and four reviews. The latter on Emigration, Transportation, Modern Novels, and the Juvenile Library. The former, on the Intellectual and Moral Influences of the Professions on the Character, much read at one time; on Civilization, Instinct, on Dr. Paley's Works, the present state of Egypt, Bacon's Essays, the Jews, and the supposed Dangers of a Little Learning. When he wrote upon the various kinds of influence of the professions on the character of professional men, Dr. Whately dwelt upon two especially in the case of the clergy,—undue familiarity in the treatment of sacred things, and the temptation to commit pious frauds.

Familiarity has a proverbial influence on the mind. The melancholy curate who lately went to a mad-house from his post at one of the public cemeteries,

\* Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Parker, Son, & Bournes.



where his office was to read the burial-service all day and every day, affords us an instructive illustration of the archbishop's position. But a natural, masculine, unaffected view of religion, and a wholesome, natural tone and manner are very different things from familiarity. Of these the clergy seem in no sort of danger. Some of them are mawkish and maudlin; others fanatically fierce. What, while most desirable, is unfortunately very rare, is the frank, winning, manly bearing which the ancients classed under the first essential in rhetoric—the *ῥῆσις*—the *sine qua non*,—that which disposes the hearer in the speaker's favour before he has had time to decide on the merits of the case.

Of the few who cultivate the art of preaching, scarcely one has attained even the first rudiments of the craft. The Bishop of Oxford, in private so perfect and so fascinating, is in the pulpit everything that can be imagined most repelling—in his voice, in his tone, in his gesture, seeming to personate the studied part of those actors on the stage whose duty it is to inspire the audience with dislike and distrust. Mr. Bellew is another third-rate actor in the pulpit, though less displeasing.

Again, speaking of the medical profession, and alluding to the old maxim, "tres medici, duo athei," Dr. Whately runs through the dangers to which medical men are theologically exposed. One is, that they must attend their patients on Sundays. We really cannot see how this can affect truth in their minds. Truth rests on its own merits. No man ever doubted that two and two make four, because he was compelled to miss school once a week. Then, again, speaking of their familiarity with death, in reference to physical causes, and its hardening effect, he assumes that this must, to some extent, unfit them for the contemplating it in relation to a life to come. "The habit," he says, of contemplating any class of objects in such and such a particular point of view, tends so far to render us the less qualified for contemplating them in any other point of view." We think this maxim very narrow and very faulty. Very often, on the contrary, the close observation of one side of a phenomenon lends matchless strength to the observation of the other side. But the archbishop's observation upon the manner in which many divines set forth certain physiological or metaphysical theories as part and parcel of Christian revelation in matters of which they have no knowledge, whereby they expose themselves to the astonishment of scientific men, is forcible and true. However, in the main, we think Dr. Whately, like so many others, passes by the main point. Physicians are not affected as he supposes, or chooses to suppose, by the mistakes of divines, but by the experimental and demonstrative methods to which they themselves are used. Particular facts, particular mistakes, have very little influence on professional men. But they are enormously influenced by the methods of inquiry in which they are trained. Upon the archbishop's view of the legal profession we will not dwell, had we even the time, as his remarks are scarcely worthy of the space they occupy.

The essay upon instinct is perhaps one of the most remarkable in the volume, and, although behind the physiological labours of the day, displays the fresh native vigour of his mind as much as anything he ever wrote. We cannot but think that if he had possessed a larger acquaintance with the recent labours on the brain he would have written a very valuable paper. As it is, the essay upon instinct affords another illustration of the disadvantage under which a really able man labours who undertakes to write upon difficult points of positive science without the full complement and panoply of modern method and research.

#### BABY BIANCA.\*

THERE are two stories in "Baby Bianca." The scene of the first is laid in Venice, and of the second, in London and its neighbourhood. The first treats of the infancy and girlhood of the heroine; and the second is a development of her character as a full-grown maiden. There are novelty, variety, and great charm in all the incidents of the first story. It opens with a description of the frightful devastation of Northern Italy consequent upon the wars of Francis I. and Charles V. It portrays a band of orphan children on a pilgrimage to Venice, in the hope of obtaining in that fair city the means of subsistence. The description of the sufferings of those poor children, dependent upon accident for their daily food, is very affecting; and a feeling of admiration is especially excited for two poor boys—one named Antonio, who constitutes himself the leader of the juvenile band of wandering mendicants; and the second, Pietro, who takes charge of "the baby Bianca," then an infant a few months old, and who is found with a boy, who perishes of starvation as he yields her up to the care of Antonio and Pietro. There seems to be a certain amount of historical truth for the opening narrative; for it is stated that the appearance of these unhappy children in Venice excited the sympathies of a noble Venetian, Girolamo Miani, who not only received and sheltered them within the walls of his palace, but also sought for others like them in different parts of Italy, and established houses of refuge for them.

"The chronicles of that age record how Girolamo Miani performed his self-appointed work. Amidst that record of crime and violence, the pure and unselfish devotion of the Venetian noble shines like some calm star on the darkness of a troubled night. From island to island of the Lagoon, and all over Lombardy, he and his followers sped on their errand of mercy. Temporary places of refuge were formed for the orphans, where they were fed, clothed, and taught. Here, in the sixteenth century, we find the first founder of a ragged school. It became the vocation of this man's life to seek out and save the young and neglected poor; and many a child had reason to bless, for years afterwards, the judgment which had led Antonio, the peasant-boy, to throw himself on the generosity of Venice."

The story of Antonio, who becomes a sailor, and of Pietro, who rises to be an assistant of the celebrated Titian, and of the sufferings of Bianca in the palace of Miani's sister—a cold-hearted, vain, selfish, and vindictive woman of fashion—all this is admirably told. It concludes, too, with a perfect picture of the terror created in Venice by a secret denunciation, which has the effect of forcing the leading personages in the tale out of Italy. There, however, the interest of "Baby Bianca" finishes; and the reader is conducted to England, where all the romance that had gathered around the characters in the first story is completely dissipated. The generous Pietro, who had devoted himself to the care of the infant, when he has the opportunity of restoring her to her father, is described as acting most basely both to the girl and her parent, by concealing them as long as he could from each other. The noble peasant boy, Antonio, is next portrayed as making love to Bianca, though knowing her to be betrothed to another, winning her affections, and then forgetting her, and marrying a rich widow; whilst Bianca herself acts in such a manner as to lose alike the sympathy and respect which she had justly won in the first portion of the tale.

Judging of Mrs. Valentine's powers as an author by the work before us, it appears that her talent lies in drawing pictures of children, and in writing tales

\* Baby Bianca; or, the Venetians. By Mrs. Richard Valentine, author of "Beatrice; or, Six Years of Childhood and Youth;" "Reading and Teaching;" "Kirkholm Priory," &c. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn, West Strand. 1861.

calculated to be interesting to them; but that she fails when she endeavours to describe the more grave scenes of life, and analyze the motives and portray the conduct of persons of mature years. To the first task (a rare one to see well performed), the writing of children's books, we recommend Mrs. R. Valentine to devote her time and talents for the future, leaving to others that which is a much more common gift, the composition of novels sufficiently good to attract attention for a day, but not likely to be remembered by any one but their authors a single year after they have been written.

#### MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

*A Guide to the Healthiest and most Beautiful Watering-Places in the British Islands; including all the Information generally wanted by those seeking a Temporary or Permanent Change of Abode.* Second edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated with maps and engravings. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.—In this volume will be found an accurate account of no less than sixty-three watering-places in England, sixteen in Wales, eighteen in Scotland, and fourteen in Ireland. Amongst those included as in England are to be reckoned the Channel Islands. Of each there is to be found a statement as to its "natural beauties, climate, temperature, and prevailing winds," the compiler justly remarking that "it is now well known how much comfort, animal spirits, and health depend upon these things." Information is also supplied as to the accommodation in each place for bathing, of its mineral waters (if any), its newspapers, places of worship, markets and fairs, population, conveyances, telegraph stations, and hotels. If persons have not made up their mind as to where they may hope to spend their holidays most agreeably and advantageously for themselves, here is a book upon which they may rely, as conveying to them complete information.

*Agony Point; or, the Groans of "Gentility."* By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford, author of "Twenty Years in the Church," "Elkerton Rectory," &c., &c. In two volumes. London: L. Booth, 307, Regent-street, W. Here is a good book, inculcating an excellent moral; but, as a novel, completely spoiled by the manner in which it is told. The author discharges the functions of a "chorus" in almost every scene. His actors cannot play without his making a bow to the audience, and moralizing upon what they think, do, or say. We have him as well as them upon the stage the moment the curtain draws up. This mode of narration imparts an air of improbability to the whole, and the reader at last becomes weary of the eternal sermonizing to which he is obliged to listen. Few writers possess the gift of Mr. Thackeray, and can render their presence welcome in the midst of their own story. Few can, like Mr. Thackeray, assume the character of "Mr. Pendennis," in the tale of "Philip," and mingle as one of the "dramatis personæ" in the creations of their fancy, and infuse an additional zest into the progress of the narrative by their own wit and wisdom. This is a faculty possessed by very few, and certainly not by Mr. Pycroft, who, in other works, has proved himself to be a clever writer; but, we regret to say, in "Agony Point" has shewn that he is incapable of constructing a novel that will amuse as much as it is calculated to improve the reader. The modern novel should not resemble an ancient mystery-play, in which it was necessary that some one should take upon himself the personation of a "Diabolus." An author should stand apart from the stage, and not have the same praise bestowed upon him that Ben Jonson puts into the mouth of an antiquated crone, when declaring that the imp-player was

"As fine a gentleman of his inches as ever I saw trusted to the stage, or anywhere else, and loved the Commonwealth as well as e'er a patriot of 'em all; he would carry away the Vice on his back quick to hell, in every play where he comes; and reform abuses."

*Aunt Agnes; or, the Why and the Wherefore of Life.* An Autobiography by a Clergyman's Daughter. London: James Hogg & Sons.—There is not a single romantic incident in the story, from the beginning to the end. It is the account given by a clergyman's daughter of the fate and fortunes of her two brothers and a sister. It is a perfect picture of life—of a kind, good, and amiable family whose tranquillity is first broken by the marriage of the eldest daughter—the favourite child of her father and mother; and whose loss to all, the old and young, the heroine is called upon to repair when she is no more than sixteen years of age. Her struggles in this position are admirably described, as well as when upon the death of her father and mother she removes to the house of her brother-in-law, and the death of a sister (married to a clergyman) compels her to undertake the difficult task of watching over her nieces and superintending their education. In all that relates to her brothers and sister and brother-in-law the story is exquisitely told, and cannot fail to be read but with the deepest interest. The close of the book is not, however, equal to the commencement. It is filled with trifling incidents and still more trifling dialogues: the handsome niece "Fanny" becomes insipid, and the learned niece "Cecilia" a very great bore. The merits of the book are greater and more conspicuous than its failings; and we close its pages wishing well to "the Clergyman's Daughter," and hoping that she may be yet happily married to a certain "Major Beresford," to whom she was on the point of being united seventeen years previously, but with whom a misunderstanding then took place through the non-delivery of a very important letter. We know "why" she was left for seventeen long years to sigh a sad forlorn maiden; but we cannot discern the "wherefore" she should not now accept as a husband a gentleman who can appreciate her virtues.

*Side Winds.* By Morton Rae. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co., 66, Brook-street, Hanover-square.—A moral tale, in which an honest, sincere, and sensible clergyman takes, with a young lady to whom he is betrothed, an active part in producing the *denouement*. The leading characters are two women—one a fashionable lady, neglected by her husband, and beset by the snares of a villain, who, at the same time he is seeking to mislead her, is offering his addresses to another—the second heroine—who has suddenly and singularly become the possessor of a large fortune. The contrast between these two women—the innocent but giddy wife, and the lady possessed of wealth—a scheming, heartless, ambitious worldly woman, is drawn with great tact and power. The manner, too, in which the naturally religious feelings of the one and the irreligious sentiments of the other lead the first back to virtue and to peace; and urge the latter to persist in vice, with all its cares and troubles, is well and effectively described. There are some minor characters introduced, and very happily described—such as a fussy, dressy old lady—and a vulgar, plain-spoken, money-seeking, but still honest-hearted Yankee. "Side Winds" is a pleasant book to read. Its tone is excellent. It is inspired with a sound religious feeling, and has the singular merit of being utterly untainted with sectarianism. Its success, we hope, will be equal to its merits.

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